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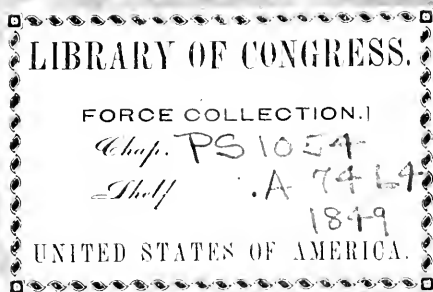
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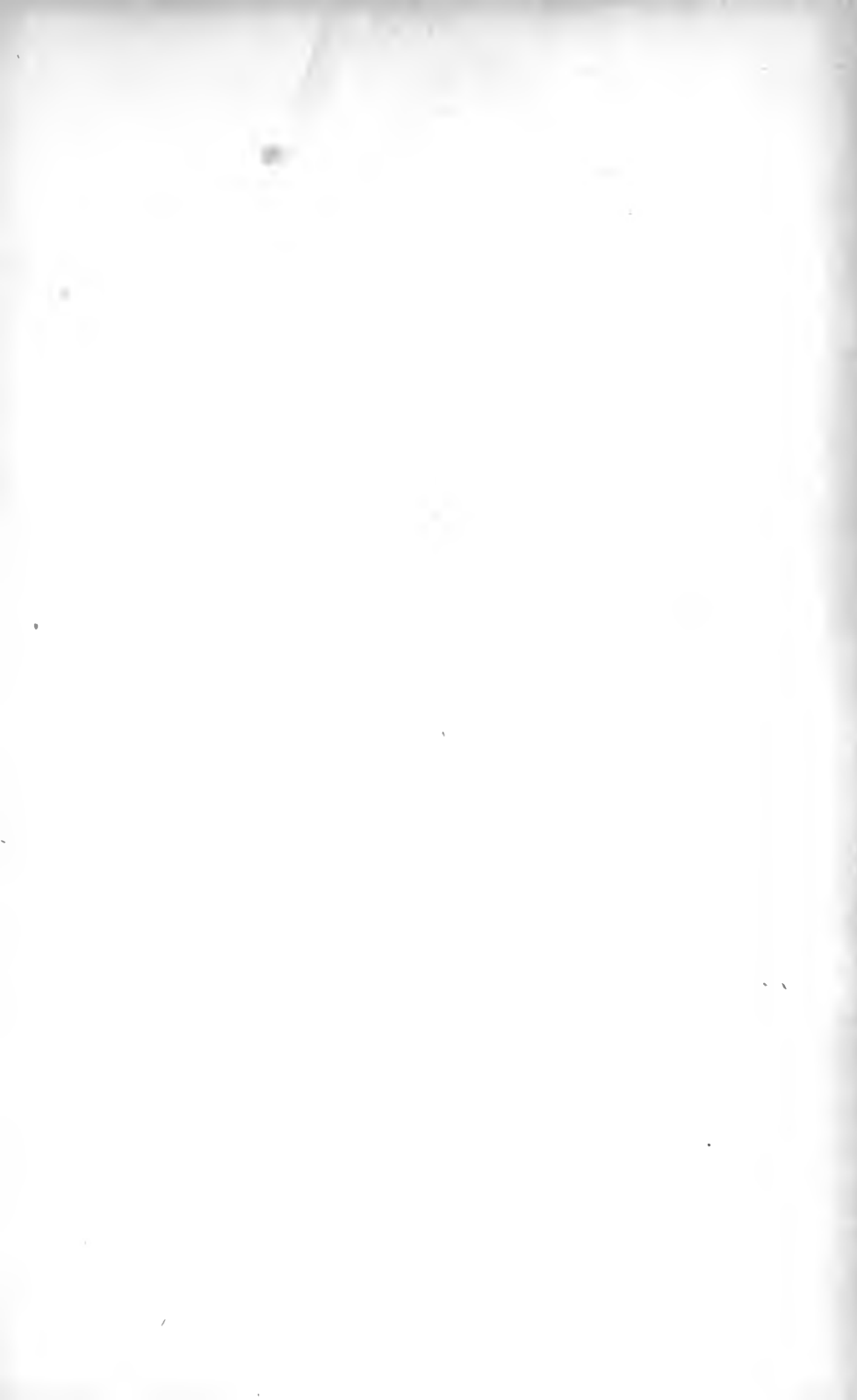


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THE  
LEGENDS OF MONTAUK.

BY J. A. AYRES.

WITH AN HISTORICAL APPENDIX.

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## P R E F A C E .

DURING the summers of 1846, '7, the author had the pleasure of visiting the peninsula of Montauk in company with a friend, to whom all its objects of curiosity and its tales of former times were familiar. Partly to recall the pleasant hours which he there spent, and partly because he deemed the subject one of interest in itself, he has produced the following poem ; in which, if any see little to praise, he would fain hope that the effort to commend to public regard, what has proved to himself a source of much quiet pleasure and enjoyment, may at least shield him from censure.

For the historical sketch at the close, he is indebted to the same friend, whose enthusiastic admiration first woke in him an interest in the history, the traditions, and the scenery, of this peculiar country.

J. A. A.

EAST HARTFORD, Dec. 1848.



# LEGENDS OF MONTAUK.

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# LEGENDS OF MONTAUK.

## PART I.

"I have asked the ancient deserts,  
To give my dead a place."—HEMANS.

MORN, mellowing into Autumn, soft and fair,  
But wooing still the summer's golden air,  
Woke with its choicest smile, when first I passed,  
The hills that rise beside \*Neapeague's<sup>1</sup> lone waste.  
Joyous, I heard, while slowly borne along,  
From wakening birds, the early burst<sup>2</sup> of song,  
Upspringing like a morning hymn, to rise  
And mingle with the worship of the skies.  
Far down the west, the waning shadows died,  
The coming sun glanced on the mountain side,

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\* Nap-pe'ag.

Reared its bald head o'er Nommonock's<sup>3</sup> far height,  
And with its golden flood made all things light.  
Lo! where old ocean, restless in its bed,  
Raised this drear waste above its billowy head!  
Far stretching on, the barren plain of sand  
Joins Seawanhackee<sup>4</sup> to "the hilly<sup>5</sup> land."  
Still, o'er its face, rests now the breath of morn,  
Nor trees, nor winding stream, its face adorn,  
For grassy lawn, or waving fields of grain,  
The wearied eye roams o'er its length in vain;  
No shady vale, or swelling land, it finds,  
Save glittering sand hills, built by roving winds.  
Silent Neapeague! far stretching, void, and drear,  
Yet from thy stillness springs a voice of cheer,  
Upon thy sands the ocean billows rest,  
Thundering in storm, or rippling on thy breast.

Cold is the heart that does not bound to view,  
For the first time, the ocean's rolling blue;  
The long white wave that foams far down the shore,  
Whose steady beating is the surf's deep roar,  
Or the broad mirror, where the waters sleep



That fill the channels of the unmeasured deep.  
Wide rolling ocean ! how all thoughts of man  
Sink in the vastness of thy mighty plan ;  
Still in the dim horizon swims the tide,  
Whose kindred waters flow thy feet beside.  
Thy pathway waits about the gates of morn,  
Where glowing light the ocean tints adorn,  
And with the dying day, by Andes old,  
Rippling on pebbled shores, thy notes sweet music  
hold.

Thy tone is mortal music, yet aspires  
To the deep chiming of immortal choirs ;  
Wild, solemn, soft ; so still, the listening ear  
Bows th' enraptured melody to hear.  
What thoughts thy presence wakes, oh mighty flood !  
Hushed o'er the heart comes awe, with reverent  
mood,

Searching the mighty finite, to adore  
The infinite of all-creating power.  
And beauty, leaving for a little while  
The lip of opening flower, and woman's smile,

And streamlet murmuring through embowering  
groves,

And whispering trees, that gentle zephyrs move,

The witching shadows of the moonlit eve,

And all enchanting things our spirits love ;

Wakes like a new born feeling, to drink in

The inspiration of thy glorious scene.

Wide ocean ! walking in thy majesty,

While the hushed winds upon thy bosom lie,

Or wildly struggling, when in mighty wrath,

The sounding tempest mars thy tranquil path ;

In every mood, I own thy strong control,

And feel thine influence mould my willing soul :

Teach me, oh mighty deep, thy lessons wise,

Breathe o'er my soul, oh ocean's restless sighs,

And wake the enduring heart, that struggles for the  
prize.

What stories cluster round thy barren land,

Far stretching desert, built by ocean's hand.

Thy soil holds buried treasures ; ships are there,

Whom wailing tempests, on their shoulders bare,

And laid unshattered in their mighty graves,

Dug mid the howling of storm-driven waves.  
And men, swept sudden from the flooded deck,  
Or dropped from spars, or from the crazy wreck,  
Falling exhausted, or swimming uselessly,  
Over the foundered bark, are hid<sup>e</sup> with thee.  
And mighty monsters, floating at their ease,  
Diving far down, or ploughing foaming seas,  
Caught by the treacherous wave, and rudely tossed,  
All powerless now, are stranded on thy coast.  
Yet light the sands rest on thy buried dead,  
Child of the sea, of storm and ocean bred;  
Creation saw thee not, or the new earth  
Fresh from the avenging flood, time's second birth.

Cheerless Neapeague! how bounds the heart to gain,  
The hills that spring beyond thy weary plain.  
On the firm earth we rested, gazing now,  
Where stormy ocean smoothed its tranquil brow;  
Or on the close-cropt lawns, stretching far down,  
From the tall hills, to where the waters frown;  
Or oftener, bending curious eyes to trace,  
The deep still valleys,<sup>7</sup> love's calm resting place.

Sweet smiling valleys, quite forsaken now,  
Cradled so fair beneath the mountain's brow,  
Though no fond hearts upon thy bosom lie,  
Yet heardest thou many a tale in days gone by ;  
When whispering in the moonlight, words of love,  
Souls wrapped in bliss through all thy walks would  
rove.

Where now are all thy children, gentle home ?  
Could fairer scenes entice them hence to roam !  
Poor dwellers of the valley, hill, and plain,  
Thy homes long cherished, wait for thee in vain ;  
Gone like the leaf of summer, like the dew  
That passes with the morning from the view.

Upward and onward, till at noon we hid  
Beneath the shadows of the Hither<sup>s</sup> Wood :  
Faint remnant of the trees, whose giant forms  
In other days fought with the raging storms ;  
Loud through their tops the ocean blasts were  
borne,  
Down the far valleys swept the foliage torn,  
Unflinching yet, and heedless of the fight,

Their bare arms waved in strength above the  
mountain height.

Stricken and sickly now, the forest shade,  
By bush and stunted tree is poorly made:  
Yet welcome was its cover, while the span  
Of sluggish noon the flaming chariot ran.  
With easy journey thence by Kongonock,  
Across Down Neck, we sought "the printed" rock;"  
And by its side the pool, whose tranquil wave  
Hides in its depth a heaven avenging grave.

There is no country like Montauk's rude isle ;  
Strange are its rolling hills, its valleys' smile,  
Its trees lone dying in their ancient place,  
As if in sorrow for a dying race ;  
Strange is its verdant sod, unbroken wide,  
Through the deep vales, and on the hills' broad side.

On far Wamponomon<sup>10</sup> at last, and lo !  
How still and tranquil ; on the manly brow  
Care writes no wrinkles here ; and the dull eye  
Of age or sorrow, wakes revivingly.

How grateful to the heart, fresh from the din  
And turmoil of quick life, in this still scene :  
Morn with its sacred hour, and pensive eve,  
On the calm soul their faithful impress leave ;  
While the great thought of the eternal sea,  
Awes first, then wakes within, a boundless energy.  
Day closed in beauty, and I laid me down,  
On the tall cliffs to watch the shadows brown ;  
Around his glorious rest, the drowsy king,  
Hung spangled clouds before night's ebon wing ;  
She, all devouring, drank the cheerful light,  
Quenched the far rays that touched the mountain  
height,  
Poured through the valleys, deepened on the plain,  
And fell in solemn stillness o'er the main.  
How still is darkness ! whether by the sea  
That soothes its waves to fall more quietly,  
Or in the whispering forest, where the trees,  
With softer cadence, woo the night's calm breeze,  
Watching, with keenest sense, to catch the sound  
Of flying fox, that softly beats the ground ;  
Or while the owl, her guardian, flitting near,

On downy wing mocks all your care to hear ;  
Or yet again, where with the flashing light  
Of torch and lamp, the peopled street is bright.  
How still is darkness, and how solemn too,  
That, black and rayless, clothes the heaven's brow,  
Seen from the midst of blazing lamps, whose light  
Lifts for a little way the pall of night.

Joyous and bright at length, rose Dian's crest,  
And gaily sparkled o'er the world at rest ;  
Far on the deep its lovely radiance lay,  
Broader, and brighter, like the good<sup>11</sup> man's way.  
No sound, save Nature's whispers, uttered low,  
Through air, and earth, and ocean, speaking now ;  
With whistling pinion, musical to hear,  
Swift as the wind the black duck cleft the air,  
Traveling from far, long ere in chilling frost  
And blinding snows, its Autumn path is lost.  
The snipe, with twittering note, and sanderling,  
Fanned the soft air with rapid beating wing,  
And from the sea, I heard the spectral cry  
Of the great loon, ring through the evening sky.

Long time I waited silent, and drank in  
The sights and sounds of all this moving scene ;  
Then by the smooth white shore I stood, where  
come

Forever the long waves of ocean home,  
And bending down, I listened soft and low,  
To the deep music<sup>12</sup> of the water's flow ;  
Where rolling pebbles, hid beneath the sea,  
With the retiring waves make harmony.

There is no music like the sounds that come,  
From ocean's many-voiced, mysterious home.  
Light on the shore the dancing ripple flows,  
With gentle murmur, when the south wind blows ;  
Grand is the roar of waters, while they rise  
With angry tumult to the frowning skies :  
Loud sounds aloft, when storms the traveler blind,  
The trumpet echo of the flying wind ;  
And in the calm of elements, like symphony,  
Come notes of wandering birds from off the sea.  
I saw the ships float idly on the tide,  
Or slowly move across the ocean wide,



And heard in fancy, eager shoutings come  
Along the deep, land ho! land ho! our home!  
Soft fell the moonlight on the snowy sail,  
Whose lazy folds yet court the sounding gale,  
Lit sparkling bubbles over all the main,  
And with its mellow light made all things plain.  
Then, while the winged hours, with rapid flight  
Bore swiftly on the dusky wheels of night,  
With lingering steps, I sought the lonely home,<sup>13</sup>  
Unto whose evening hearth few neighbors come,  
And listened to a tale of the olden time,  
When warriors trod the rolling hills sublime.

## WYANDANNEE.

There is a valley<sup>14</sup> fair to view,  
Where the early violets blue,  
Hiding in the leaves are seen,  
Peeping through their broken screen.  
While the sun, yet far away,  
Shines with warm but fitful ray,  
Wakes them from their sheltered bed,

Ere the frozen snows are fled,  
'Tis a pleasant thing to see,  
How they blossom hopefully,  
In the valley warm and fair,  
Sheltered from the chilly air.  
And when Autumn, dark and drear,  
Murmurs to the closing year,  
And the asters all have died  
On the hill and mountain side ;  
'Tis a pleasant thing to meet  
Here and there an aster yet,  
Blooming in the sickly ray,  
Of the pale sun far away.  
Lovely valley, sweetly smiling,  
Beautiful, our hearts beguiling,  
Underneath thy flowery bed  
Rest the ashes of the dead.  
Lo ! the grass that gently waves,  
Hides a perished nation's graves,  
And the trees, bare-armed and drear,  
All about like ghosts appear,  
Mourners for the fallen state  
Standing sad and desolate.

Speak, oh valley of the dead!  
Where are all thy people fled?  
Once from Kongonock they spread  
To Culloden's frowning head,  
And their dusky hamlets lay,  
Peaceful in night's glimmering ray.  
Now there is not left a stone  
Of their dwellings overthrown,  
Not a single resting place,  
For the remnant of the race.  
Yet the valley smiles as gay  
In the sun's returning ray,  
And the cheerful asters bloom  
On the verge of Winters gloom.

Hast thou never heard the story  
Of the famous warrior king?  
Brave Wyandannee, whose glory  
Indian maidens loved to sing.  
In this valley was his dwelling,  
All about his followers lay,  
On the hill side, gently swelling

East and northward, far away ;  
Yet so near, each battle cry,  
Or the shout of victory,  
Woke the fiery heart, that beat  
In this distant still retreat.  
Over all these rolling mountains,  
Where the pleasant valleys hide,  
With their softly flowing fountains,  
High above the ocean tide ;  
Was his arm of power extended,  
Undisturbed his kingly sway,  
From Wamponomon's far ending  
To Neapeague's still sheltering bay.  
Proud old chieftain ! good and brave,  
Struggling hard thy land to save,  
While the sweeping wand of fate  
Made the people desolate ;  
Many a tale of thee is told  
In these hills and valleys old ;  
And the last of all thy name,  
Kindles at thy deathless fame,  
Wakes the fiery thought, that died

Long ago in humbled pride ;  
And with burning heart and tongue,  
As in other days they sung,  
Tells the legends, old and brief,  
Of the famous warrior chief.

Day was closing, yellow and fair,  
Summer was breathing its balmy air,  
Beautiful Kongonock, fair in the view,  
Shone in the light with a changeable hue ;  
Flowrets were drooping on nature's fair breast,  
And closing their eyes like mortals to rest ;  
Faint in the woods died the music of birds,  
Day's parting whispers, beautiful words ;  
When our tale begins, in the days of yore,  
Two hundred years ago or more.

Is it a time of peace or war ?  
For they come from the forest, near and far,  
Wyandannee's brave men are here,  
Each with a quiver, and bow, and spear,  
And hearts that laugh at the thought of fear.

Old men gather in groups around,  
Few their words, their thoughts profound,  
Youth, with restless hand and heart,  
Draw, a merrier band, apart,  
Bend the bow or hurl the dart ;  
And each hut the forest shades,  
Seems alive with Indian maids,  
Shining in their best array,  
Decked for some high holiday ;  
This is the bridal night to be,  
Of the chieftain's daughter, Momone.  
Wert thou bred in the forest, beautiful one ?  
Is the brown on thy cheek, but the brown of the  
sun ?  
And thy delicate step on the dry fallen leaf,  
Does it flow in the blood of the child of the chief ?  
Then is nature a better teacher than we,  
When her lessons are given to such as thee.  
Wyandannee walks here apart,  
He would not let them read his heart,  
For thoughts are passing there, that throw

Their fitful light upon his brow ;  
He cannot bid the shadows go :  
It may be but a nameless sorrow,  
For his lonely home when wakes the morrow ;  
A feeling of solitude, hard to bear  
When the hearts we love no longer are there,  
Or some secret grief he would not share :  
Or it may be perchance some mighty dread,  
Dim, indistinct, hangs over his head ;  
Such things happen at times, 'tis said.  
Whatever it be, it lasts not long,  
Momone comes from the festal throng,  
And the chieftain's thoughts are turned aside,  
Or he striveth well his care to hide.  
Child of a long and noble line !  
The warrior said, let their spirit be thine.  
The cub of the panther, watches its sire,  
And the same light burns in its eye of fire ;  
The eaglet follows with daring wing,  
To the path where soars the feathered king.  
Be the mother of chiefs, whose power shall stand  
Firm as the pines of the hilly land ;

Brave in the battle, swift as the wind,  
And with step that leaves no mark behind,  
For the wily foe, its trace to find.

Brave isle of Montaukett ! thy rulers have been  
Lords of the valley, and hill, and plain,  
And thine is the lawful right to reign.

My warriors come from the vales that rest,  
Beneath Shagwannock's pine clad crest ;  
From the Nommonock hills, from the mountain  
side,

And the plains where the timid grass-birds hide.

Shall the pride of the warrior hide in his breast,  
Love deeper and stronger than words ere ex-  
pressed ?

It may do it perhaps, when he stands in his place  
As the chief of his tribe, as the king of his race ;  
While the young men watch each word and tone,  
And the look of the brave, to make their own ;  
Or the maidens sing of his deeds of fame,  
'Till the many-voiced echoes wake with his name :  
Yet he careth little his soul to hide,



When the child of his love, walks alone by his side.  
Hush child of Allanna ! bird of the wood !  
If thou deemest me now in but sorrowful mood ;  
A vision of something, I scarcely know how,  
Was a weight on my heart, a cloud on my brow ;  
It is gone with thy coming, it returns not again,  
Thy presence can charm away weightier pain.  
From the home of thy youth art thou passing away ?  
Let the love of thy heart, in my lone dwelling stay.  
I shall miss thee at morn, for thy song will be  
In the ears of thy lover, once sung for me.  
I shall miss thee at eve, when I walk alone,  
And listen no more to thy heart-cheering tone.  
The soft-whistling plover, bred on the plain,  
In the opening spring will come again ;  
And the very stones round its time-worn nest,  
By its frequent feet are surely pressed.  
Thou wilt come again, at morn and eve,  
And the heart of thy sire will cease to grieve.  
No shade on thy brow love, the hour flieth fast,  
I have ceased from this hour, to think of the past ;  
In the dim rising future, fair visions I see,

And the fairest of all, is my hope in thee.  
Thy lover awaits thee ; is there one to compare  
With the chief of thy heart, in the chase or in war :  
His swift-flying arrow darts far o'er the plain,  
And never returns to its quiver in vain.  
Fleet as the deer when he starts from his bed,  
And sinks on his shoulders<sup>15</sup> his beautiful head,  
His foot is first in the health-giving race,  
And he speedeth alone, in the far-stretching chase.  
Such a chief is thy lover, then haste to his side,  
Ere he waiteth to welcome his far-straying bride.

On Shagwannock's towering head,  
All the giant pines are dead,  
That long centuries ago,  
Flourished on his noble brow.  
From the top, now bare and clear,  
View the prospect far and near ;  
Many a half-forgotten place  
That the curious eye can trace,  
Where some story, dim with years,  
Lingers ere it disappears.

There is Manchonock,<sup>16</sup> beside  
Still Neapeague's light swelling tide.  
And when bright the sun's rays fling  
Luster o'er the sea and land,  
You may mark the gull's light wing,  
Flapping o'er her bar of sand.  
Still away, Meshomac<sup>17</sup> lies  
Dim beneath the western skies ;  
And the Sheltering Isle is seen,  
Sleeping on the waters green.  
Brief the circuit of the isle,  
Round which pleasant waters smile,  
Ever wandering to and fro,  
With the tide's unceasing flow.  
Here, two hundred years ago,  
Dwelt Manhassett's<sup>18</sup> warriors brave,  
In each creek the light canoe,  
Floating buoyant on the wave.  
Praise to the chieftain, worthy to be  
Brother of Wyandannee!

Who can unravel the wonderful tie  
That knits our hearts mysteriously ?  
Love for the weak, the frail, the fair,  
Clippeth the strong man's locks of hair,  
Till he cannot break the silken string,  
That Cupid drops from his idle wing.  
Love for the child on its mother's breast,  
Little heeding, though much caressed,  
And that carelessly turns its soft blue eye  
To the look that beameth eloquently ;  
Leadeth where pestilence, strong as death,  
Dwelleth in every tranquil breath ;  
Or dives through the bursting flames, that come  
At midnight, from th' affrighted home.  
Love for a friend, no matter what name,  
Be it kindred, companion, all the same,  
Where sympathy true and long-tried binds,  
Like the rock to the crystal, congenial minds,  
Liveth, though years or seas divide  
The souls where true affections hide ;  
Heedeth not sorrow, or pain, or grief,  
While the fount of the heart can give relief ;

Nerveth itself anew to bear,  
Hopes disappointed, trouble and care,  
Nor faileth, till the daylight of reason depart,  
And the Lord giveth rest, to the o'er-burdened  
heart.

Some such love, in the legend 'tis told,  
Bound together the warriors bold,  
And the brave of Unkenchie<sup>19</sup> would not rest,  
With the crumbling mold on his silent breast,  
Save where the hills of Montaukett, and sea,  
Watched for the ghost of Wyandannee.  
Two hundred years, in the forest shade  
They guard the place in the dry earth made,  
Where, when they bore the warrior dead,  
They rested awhile his mortal head.  
And ever since, as the tribe pass by,  
They view the spot with reverent eye,  
And sweep from the earth with anxious care,  
The leaves by the many winds gathered there,  
Till a mark is formed in the sacred place  
Which changing time will not efface ;

And the traveler searches in curious mood,  
For "the Sachem's<sup>20</sup> Hole," in the haunted wood.

Hark to the many-toned voices of mirth,  
The joy stirring sounds of the festive earth,  
While night closes beautiful over the vale,  
And the stars peep out in the moonlight pale.  
Momone, graceful queen,  
Treads with light foot the sylvan green,  
While the merry dance goes round and round,  
Till the cheerful echoes wake with the sound;  
And the Indian maidens softly glide,  
Graceful and still, in the path of the bride.  
Many a brave of the tribe is nigh,  
But the light of the battle is not in his eye,  
And he looks on the dance, with a smile as free  
As the child that laughs on its mother's knee.  
The spear in his hand—it is but to guide  
His step more sure, on the steep hill-side;  
And little he seemeth to notice, or care  
For the quiver and bow on his shoulder bare.  
Grey haired men of the tribe look on,

And the tone severe from their brow is gone ;  
Even wisdom, sage and sad,  
Deigneth sometimes to look glad.  
List to the sounds of mirth and song  
That over the valley pour along,  
Youth is mad with laughter and glee,  
Loud rise the shouts of revelry,  
Till the quiet night forgets her place,  
And seemeth to hasten her tardy pace.  
To the home of the lover, the bride is borne ;  
From the tree where it grew, the rose is shorn ;  
In the pride of her heart, still she cannot forget  
How lonely his home whom she loveth most yet ;  
And her low whispered words in the ear of the  
chief,  
Soft breathings of love, are a sweet relief.

Still—hushed in a moment—has the angel of death  
Laid his icy hand on every breath ?  
Still—yes it cometh—on the mountain afar,  
I hear the loud cry, the alarum of war ;  
From the head of Shagwanoek far flashes the light,

'Tis the beacon's warning, the signal of fight.  
Rise chief of Montaukett ! wake arm of the brave !  
Glory or death, a home or a grave !  
Is there a cheek that blanches pale ?  
Or a voice that raises the mournful wail ?  
Every eye is brave and bold,  
Every heart is firm and cold,  
As if mirth and laughter were never there,  
And the struggle for life was their native air.  
The heart of the warrior rises higher  
In the light of the maiden's eye of fire ;  
And he bounds from the hut like the cougar's  
spring,  
And his step is light as the wild bird's wing.  
Ah ! child of the chief, canst thou give this night  
Thy lover and sire to the death-bearing fight ?  
From the front of the battle they hold not back,  
Where death worketh busy their arm will not  
slack :  
Not a word, patient queen, from thy struggling heart,  
Not a look in thine eye, but will bid them depart ;



Though the tendrils of strong affection twine,  
They are crushed with thy heart at the warrior's  
shrine.

Daughter of a kingly line,  
Where is the brave that mates with thine ?  
See how his eye with ardor glows !  
Dimmed so late by calm repose ;  
A moment he bends his head to hear  
If the cry of the conflict be far or near,  
Then tears from his breast the garment of peace,  
Glad as a caged bird seeking release :  
Bind the war plumes on his brow,  
Raven black, and white as snow,  
And let the captive warrior go ;  
He snuffeth up blood on the mountains afar,  
His breast is thy bulwark in the struggle of war.

High over Shagwannock rises the light,  
And the fires of Culloden shine on the fight :  
Every hill-top burneth bright.  
Loud, o'er " the hilly land," rises the cry

Of the living who fight, and the fallen who die.  
Ha! what is the blaze that afar I see  
Springing out of the dim lit sea?  
On distant Meshomac it struggles a while,  
Then flames like a meteor over the isle.  
I hear the wild yell as they wake from their sleep,  
Borne by the night wind over the deep;  
Haste, O chief of a nation brave,  
Let thine arm be strong to save;  
Toss on the wave the light canoe,  
Heart and hand be firm and true;  
For the best of the land are hard beset,  
Though they struggle, they yield not yet;  
Haste to the rescue, let thy war cry ring  
Like a thunderbolt in the ears of the king,  
Who proudly leaveth his northern land,  
To grasp our wealth with his plundering hand.  
Out on the chieftain—bend the bow,  
Lay the haughty warrior low.

To the fight—to the fight—at the head of the vale;  
Say, shall the host of invaders prevail?

Countless in numbers, each partizan slain  
Springs to life in his fellow again.  
See how the eagle plume, black and white,  
Stays up the battle, leads on the fight ;  
In the front of the contest fall his blows,  
Thick and fast as the winter snows.  
Who the young clad chief shall stay ?  
For he tracks with blood his fiery way ;  
And the cluster of braves that fight by his side,  
Will still in death with their leader abide,  
If they stay not the onward rushing tide.  
Ah ! child of the chief, let thine eye be bright  
For the glory thy lover shall win this night.  
The maidens shall sing in thy ears the song,  
How he drove the proud foe of the North along,  
And second to none save the mighty chief,  
Fought for his bride and his land's relief.

To the fight—to the fight—at the head of the vale ;  
Strength and courage cannot avail,  
Westward rolls the battle sound,  
Hardly is won each foot of ground.

Flee now to the forest maiden and child !  
Hide where the thicket is dark and wild,  
Haste, lest the fierce foe follow your path,  
Better than this were the warrior's death,  
Helpless age, maiden and child,  
Hide where the forest is dark and wild.  
She stirs not, will not depart,  
Scorn on her lip, woe in her heart ;  
Child of Allanna ! rise and fly,  
Hope looks out from the clouds of the sky.  
When sorrow nippeth the bud of life,  
Hard on the young heart falleth the strife ;  
As the pleasant thoughts that have clustered there,  
One by one fall dead and bare,  
And the blossom of hope brings forth despair.  
  
'Tis the grey of the morning ; the fight is not done,  
And sorrowful sights wait the coming sun ;  
A village in ashes, and hundreds of slain  
Stretched on the hill-side, the valley, and plain.  
I see the wild strife as it rolls to the west,  
Few are the fighting men, hardly pressed,

Only a handful yet are left,  
Sore, chief of the isle, of thy strength bereft :  
Yet by each valley, and plain, and hill,  
They fight like men who will conquer still.  
Hope never dies in the brave man's soul,  
Hope and toil can fate control.

Still in the battle's front advancing,  
Wyandannee's bright axe is glancing ;  
From right to left the foe retreat,  
And fear the island chief to meet ;  
His single arm the fight maintains,  
His warriors' failing strength sustains,  
And bravely stays the tide of war  
That o'er the isle has swept afar.  
One single arm will sometimes save  
A nation from a bloody grave ;  
One single will control a host,  
And pour its spirit o'er the rest.

Where is the eagle-plume, black and white ?  
I see it not in the dim grey light ;

Look to the front of the battle again,  
Count the warriors on the plain,  
For the lover and brave you look in vain.  
On the brow of Culloden, in the dead of the night,  
For his bride and his name he died in the fight ;  
And his ear is dull to the soft low tone,  
That by his side makes a pitiful moan.

To the Nommonock Hills the foe have come,  
'Tis the last defence of the island home,  
And they rally with desperate daring now,  
Strike brave hearts, lay the foeman low.  
Where is the chief of Unkenchie the while ?  
I saw the watch light on the Sheltering Isle ;  
Look over Neapeague's far desert of sand,  
Cometh he not with his warrior band.  
As a covey of quails on frightened wing,  
From bush and brake so suddenly spring,  
Every cover yielding one,  
Hid on the earth like a moss-grone stone ;  
So from each shelter and bush and rock,  
That bideth on rugged Nommonock,

At the cry of their chief, the Manhassetts arose,  
A hundred warriors, dauntless foes,  
And poured on the fight with their wild battle cry;  
Joy to the brave, for succor is nigh.  
Wild was the uproar, fearful the fray,  
Yet it died as sudden in the dim light of day;  
For the power of the Northmen was broken here,  
And hope sprang up in the dim eye of fear.

One sorrow remains yet, one mightier grief;  
Can thy hand, oh time; soothe the heart of the chief?  
On the path of the battle the foemen fled,  
And paused by Culloden's field of the dead;  
There by her lover, hoping not, heeding not,  
Glued by her tears to the sorrowful spot,  
Sat the patient queen, still and alone;  
Sorrow had turned her heart to stone.  
They bore her away, but she made no sign;  
No word as they fled o'er the foaming brine.

Mourn for the dead in battle slain,  
Whose life blood wets the battle plain;

Mourn for the mourners of the dead,  
And for the captives captive led ;  
Mourn for their smoking homes ; but chief,  
Mourn for the chieftain's silent grief.

The tale was told, the lights burned dim and low,  
And leaden sleep pressed on my weary brow ;  
I laid me down, and heard the requiem  
Of the great deep, sung for my evening hymn ;  
Then in the land of shadows lived again  
My first hours on Montauk, and by the swelling  
main.



## PART II.

"Oh nature ! is there naught to prize,  
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life."—CAMPBELL.

There is a luxury reserved for those  
Whose lives of weary toil scarce know repose ;  
To feel the freedom of cares left behind,  
No irksome task the unwilling hands to bind,  
Wake with the smiling morn, abroad to roam,  
Or idly spend the happy hours at home.  
So woke I on Montauk when morn awoke,  
While joyous o'er the sea Aurora broke,  
And with my host explored the pebbled shore,  
Where the long waves with ceaseless tumult pour—  
The mighty pulse of ocean, whose strong heart  
Sends the full beat of life to every part ;  
With lines like puny cables coiled to throw  
Far o'er the deep, and tempt the prey below.

Not now with rod, and reel, and silken line,  
Such toils fall idle on the foaming brine.  
Thrice round the head the gaudy squid ascends,  
At each revolve the lengthening line extends,  
Then with full strength it takes its distant way,  
The quivering line gives out with ready play,  
Till far along the deep, its vigor spent,  
With misty plunge the ocean veil is rent.  
Now with quick skill, flashing through waters green,  
Instinct with life, the glancing lure is seen ;  
So on the wave the silver spearings rise,  
When tranquil ocean greets the smiling skies.  
Perchance the tempting bait fast gliding by,  
Of wandering fish has caught the eager eye ;  
Unused to wily man on this far spot,  
The trailing line annexed, affrights him not :  
With rapid rise the heaving waters part,  
And deep engulfed he feels the treacherous smart.  
Mark now the tightened line far o'er the main,  
And gently ease the first fierce plunge and strain ;  
Deep underneath his headlong way he takes,  
Where rock and reef the foaming breaker makes.

With gentle hand, but half resisting, stay  
His firm design and check his onward way ;  
Again with steady force he seeks the deep,  
Where the still waters of the ocean sleep,  
With fins erect, to ease the smarting pain,  
Ploughs the quick sand, but feels his labor vain ;  
Nor strength, nor courage, will his wants avail,  
Too firmly fixed the barbed hook to fail.  
One effort more before he yields the strife,  
One farther struggle for the boon of life ;  
With upward plunge, so the rough sturgeon springs,  
Above the wave his length twice told he flings ;  
Quivers like life's last gasp in every fin,  
And to the opening wave descends again.  
Around the foam and flashing spray are cast,  
Brave is the struggle, though it prove the last ;  
Take heart of courage now and toward the strand  
The weary captive draw with careful hand,  
Till on the pebbled shore he safely lies,  
And in a cloud of fading glory dies.

The morn was fine, and weary with the spoil  
Which ocean rendered to our patient toil,  
We rested where a deep ravine came down,  
Courting the fitful breeze from ocean thrown.  
The Silver Tern came idly flapping by,  
With head inclined and all-observant eye ;  
With graceful form and easy flight it came,  
Forward and back and yet again the same.  
How light its graceful form ! its tapering wing  
With soft descent no labor seems to bring.  
Mark now the change ! beneath the waters green,  
A timid school, the tiny lance is seen ;  
With wing inclined, swift as the falling stone,  
Upon the wave the eager bird comes down ;  
Before his fall in foam the waters part,  
Above the wave the frightened victims dart:  
Like vultures to the prey, unseen before,  
From every quarter swift devourers pour ;  
From air to wave and back again to air,  
A hundred bills aloft their burden bear.  
Nor these alone pursue, a fiercer foe

With hungry eye starts from the depths below ;  
Drives through the school, swift as the lightning's  
path,

And jaws terrific like the gates of death.

Alas ! poor victims,<sup>21</sup> for your hour is come,

Ill-fated voyageurs wheresoe'r ye roam,

Nor shallow creek, nor shelving shore, nor bay,

A refuge gives or drives the foe away.

Slowly the gathered crowd broke up again,

And one by one tracked the wide-swelling main ;

Yet oft returned with curious eye to trace,

If aught remained to mark their feasting place.

Upon the rocks we lay in idle mood,

And watched them to and fro, o'er ocean's flood ;

Till with a sudden start, behold, we cried,

The leader that but now the prey espied ;

Straight on his former path he took his way,

And see with like success he seemed to say ;

For with closed wing he fell as heretofore,

But to the upper air returned no more ;<sup>22</sup>

Lost in the ravening maw of fish that spring

Swift through the waters as the bird on wing.

We saw the long wave like a swelling wall,  
Upon the beaten sand in thunder fall ;  
Far up the beach the foaming waters go,  
And back returning join the ebbing-flow.  
But see the countless tiny birds that roam  
Backward and forward through the sparkling foam ;  
Their nimble feet the gliding wave pursue,  
Their eyes so quick, the struggling insect view ;  
Gathering their food from ocean's kindly hand,  
Brought by the wave and left upon the sand.  
Again the wave rolls in to meet the shore,  
And from the top the glancing waters pour ;  
With heedless haste from underneath they spring,  
And back retreating, scarcely take to wing ;  
Chased by the gathering foam far up the shore,  
And quick returning as they did before.  
So by the sea in countless swarms appear  
The pigmy Peeps<sup>23</sup> along the waning year ;  
Their gentle look and tender trusting eye,  
Like old acquaintance, seem to win us nigh.  
Unheeding to your feet they fearless run,  
Trace the wet sand, or bask them in the sun,

Rise on the wind like feathers blown along,  
And flight as noiseless, save their chirping song.  
Alas! for him, who for no useful end  
Would fierce destruction through their numbers  
send.

Like friends they seemed to us, so still, so good,  
As by the sea we sat in listless mood.  
I know not but perchance my host might spy  
A relish for the tales of days gone by ;  
Or that my idle manner seemed to say,  
A patient listener he had found that day ;  
For with an Indian legend once again,  
He sought to wile the hour beside the flowing main.

## WEEONCOMBONE.

Whose step is like the prancing deer,  
When quick alarm sounds in his ear,  
Or like the swift fox gliding by,  
Gone ere his form you can espy ?

Weeoncombone.

Whose heart is brave when dangers come,  
Or war affrights our tranquil home ;  
Who leads the fiery conflict on,  
Where the war scalp is lost and won ?

Weeconcombone.

Whose strength is like the pines that grow  
Above Shagwannock's lofty brow ;  
Whose eye is like the lightning's gleam ;  
Whose voice is like the eagle's scream ?

Weeconcombone.

Weeconcombone, the maidens sang,  
His praise the forest arches rang,  
In danger brave, and wise as brave,  
All trusted him their land to save.  
The Indian maidens, half aside,  
Watched his firm step and glance of pride ;  
Old men his deeds of daring told,  
And bade their sons like him be bold.  
Oh, kindly look on minds untaught,  
That gladly better things had sought,



If the rich light from heaven that came  
Had touched their bosom's secret flame,  
And His dear word to us free given,  
Had lit their pathway up to heaven.  
It is not ours to judge the soul,  
Where noble impulse holds control ;  
Enough our God who dwells above,  
Is better than our hearts of love ;  
No virtuous deed, no impulse high,  
No firm resolve or earnest sigh,  
Of hope or goodness ever woke,  
But in the ear of God it spoke.  
In pride of heart the warrior stood,  
In pride of strength, and pride of blood,  
Before old men in council met,  
The gathered wisdom of the state.  
With flashing eye he told his tale,  
Whose tidings woke the funeral wail,  
When the red sun with glaring light,  
Dispelled the shadows of the night.

“ But yester-e’en the sun went down  
Upon Manisses’<sup>24</sup> walls of stone,  
Where I with three brave followers came,  
To watch the evening’s dying flame.  
With patient care we spent the day,  
Beneath the crag whereon we lay,  
Watching an eagle’s eyrie there,  
Till the bold king returned from far.  
With gallant flight, I saw him come,  
Unfearing to his rocky home ;  
Upon the crag his wing he furled,  
Proud as the monarch of the world,  
Shook his strong quills, and with a scream  
That woke his brooding mate’s wild dream,  
Looked down upon the rolling sea ;  
Free as its rolling waves was he.  
This arrow pierced the regal bird,  
Ere the far cliff his death cry heard ;  
Downward he fell from crag to rock,  
And struck the sand with thunder-shock.  
His heart of fire was rent in twain,  
Checked was the blood in every vein,

And every nerve so strong but now,  
Was palsied by the fatal blow.  
He could not move his head that lay  
Upon the sands of ocean grey,  
Or stir his wing, or with strong grasp  
My fingers in his talons clasp ;  
Yet round and round his flashing eye,<sup>25</sup>  
Turned boldly on his enemy ;  
With its full power of lofty hate,  
On me who fain would be his mate.  
I plucked the war plumes one by one,  
That grew above his heart of stone,  
And to my scalp lock bound them on ;  
Then climbed the cliff and idly lay,  
To watch the fading light of day.

Seek we our home, I said at last,  
The labors of the day are past ;  
And gathering vapors in the west,  
Tell of the coming sea's unrest.  
Scarce had I spoke the signal word,  
Or scarce my trusty followers heard,

When the wild war-cry of the north,  
Close at my side burst fiercely forth.  
From bush and rock came swiftly on,  
Led by Janemo's haughty son,  
Five foemen from the main-land sent,  
Upon our path with foul intent.  
Their war-locks on the evening streamed,  
Their battle-axes brightly gleamed,  
Flashing while round their heads they swung,  
And loud the stirring war-whoop rung.  
My knife the leader's scalp-lock found,  
Beside my belt the prize I bound,  
Then turned again to seek the foe ;  
Turned but to see the fatal blow  
That sent Merodinock's brave ghost  
To the fair forests of the blest.  
I brained the murderer at a stroke,  
While fierce revenge within me woke,  
And sprang, my followers aid to yield ;  
Too late, alas ! their lives to shield.  
Like true men fought the foe and died,  
My warriors falling by their side,

And when the last death shriek arose,  
I was alone of friends or foes."

Old men with reverence heard his word,  
His haughty speech their bosoms stirred,  
And with respect shown not in vain,  
None answered to his tale again.  
Forth from the Council Lodge he passed,  
And sought his quiet home at last ;  
Where in Sewanna's gentle smile,  
He might forget his night of toil,  
While o'er the sea's wild-swelling flow,  
Alone he drove his light canoe.  
The chief's proud look is laid aside,  
To meet his lovely youthful bride,  
The fierce light of his eye is gone,  
His voice has found its mellow tone,  
And as his sterner thoughts depart,  
Soft pleasure twines around his heart.  
Sewanna, queen of Indian maids,  
So light of hand the chieftain aids,  
His quiver in the lodge she hung,

And by its side the mantle swung ;  
While smoking venison rudely dressed,  
And cheerful flame invite to rest.  
In other tones than now he told  
The fiery fight and struggle bold ;  
Gave for Merodinock a sigh,  
His early friend, and always nigh,  
And showed the war plumes that he won  
Ere the death struggle was begun.  
Sewanna, nature's noble child,  
A kindred heart about him smiled,  
Spake not of danger or defeat,  
Although, perchance, her heart's quick beat,  
A different story might have told,  
And less allied to daring bold.

Time rolls his flight, and morn and eve,  
And months and years their changes leave ;  
The Mighty Ruler of the sky  
Gives out to man his destiny,  
Scattering from his prophetic hand,  
Blessings and sorrows on the land.

Years passed, their shadows lightly fell  
On growing wood and laughing dell ;  
Upon the hills the tall pines grew,  
Above their tops the eagle flew ;  
The violet blossomed in the grove,  
The spring bird sang its song of love,  
And nature's face was as fair and green,  
As Time on his journey e'er had seen.

A change, oh what a change, has come  
Upon Sewanna's joyous home ;  
A change in all, in deed and word,  
A change upon her home and lord.  
Of old his arrow pierced the deer,  
Where far Noyack's low pines are drear ;  
Or brought the wild duck from the sky,  
Whose whistling wing proclaimed it nigh.  
Ofttimes when twilight dim and gray  
Told of the slowly coming day,  
Upon the barren sands he lay,  
That part the ocean from the bay,  
And saw from off the water's face,

Pass rapid to their feeding place,  
The countless fowl whose home is found  
Where ocean's many billows sound.  
He chose the fattest of the throng  
That o'er his head poured fast along ;  
His lodge was full, and from his fire  
None hungry needed to retire.

Why sits so still Weeconcombone,  
The maidens sing in plaintive tone ;  
The sun is rolling down the sky,  
The shades of night are drawing nigh,  
Swept is his lodge, and by his side  
How sadly sits his patient bride.  
Why speaks so low Weeconcombone,  
His voice has lost its haughty tone ;  
There is no light upon his brow,  
Quenched is the flame that burned but now ;  
No soul of fire his eye reveals ;  
What power his mighty heart conceals,  
Or with mysterious strength can bind  
The fiery warrior's restless mind.



By the sign, and by the token,  
Words unblessed have been spoken ;  
And the charms his life that bind,  
Are not of a mortal mind.  
On the hills the conjuror dwells,  
Dreaded are his secret spells,  
Where Culloden's head is gray,  
With the dashing waters' spray,  
There he makes his bed at night,  
Sleeping in the pale moonlight.  
Who will meet the wizard king  
That has power such spells to bring ?  
Beard him in his den at length,  
And defy his magic strength ;  
Send an arrow through his brain,  
That perchance may turn again,  
On the heart of him who first  
Sent it on the man accursed ;  
As the lightning from the cloud,  
Driven by the thunder loud,  
Pauses on its fiery track  
And as sudden glideth back,

Hiding in its sable shroud  
In the bosom of the cloud.

The shadows of the night lay still,  
And gently slept on vale and hill ;  
When three brave youth who vowed to save  
Their warrior from a living grave,  
Passed towards the wizard's home afar,  
That lay beneath the northern star :  
Their stealthy footsteps hardly heard  
The wandering fox or listening bird.  
There is a ring around the moon  
Foretelling fates impending soon ;  
The murmurs from the sea that rise,  
Float mournful to the lowering skies ;  
The wolf is howling by his cave,  
The loon's wild notes are on the wave.  
What man of flesh and blood can hear  
Omens and portents strange, nor fear.  
Faith may be shadowed in the brain  
That melts like vapor into rain,  
When fears prophetic move the mind

Like things that dimly pass behind.  
No fears the youthful warriors move,  
Or omens from beneath, above ;  
Naught but the hand of death may stay  
Their course, or check their onward way.  
They stood beneath the tree whose shade  
Upon his hut the moonlight laid ;  
Where, when he left the open air,  
The dreaded conjuror made his lair ;  
They stood beneath his low abode,  
By other footsteps never trod ;  
No traces of the wizard king,  
Fled as the bird on frightened wing.  
His course full well the followers knew,  
And hardly deigned the track to view ;  
Like generous hounds of scent so true  
You scarce would deem them to pursue,  
While bounding on their lightsome way,  
The footprint of the flying prey ;  
So westward swept the chase afar,  
While faintly shone the morning star,

And swift Aurora's joyous flight,  
Already touched the hills with light.

On Nommonock's bold ridge they stood,  
Beyond the rolling Hither Wood ;  
Their curious eyes ran o'er the sand  
Of lone Neapeague, the water land ;  
Then bounding down the steep descent  
Across the barren plain they went.

On Acabonick's pebbled shore  
With faintest voice the waters pour ;  
So light the murmurs float away,  
They seem to die along the bay ;  
Yet did its low soft whisper cheer  
The conjuror on his path of fear,  
Till by a flowery vale he stood,  
That crossed the rude and tangled wood.  
How came the flowery vale to lie  
Where only forest shades are nigh ?  
What mean the joyous plants that rest  
Upon its bosom gaily dressed ?  
A bubbling spring its course divides,

Softly the murmuring water glides,  
Till with ceaseless flowing far away  
It hideth in the tranquil bay.  
Beside the vale the conjuror stood  
And eager viewed the tangled wood ;  
He heard the crackling twigs behind,  
A warning of the sighing wind,  
And knew the foe no farther back  
Came like the death-hound on his track.  
A moment on his swarthy face  
Fierce passions lit their burning trace,  
Then dread, and terror, and despair,  
As quickly wrote their being there.  
Something there was within his eye  
That fate's last struggle might defy,  
Yet like a fast expiring flame  
With flickering light it went and came.  
Men say that in that dreadful hour  
He struggled with the tempter's power,  
And that the misty cloud that rose  
Above the flowery vale's repose,  
And slowly sprang to meet the day,

In flesh and blood bore him away.  
His swift pursuers paused to hear  
The wild cry of despair and fear,  
That rent the vapor's folding shroud,  
Like thunder struggling through the cloud.  
Fast rolled the sounding cry along  
By Litgance's low murmuring song ;  
Towards Noyack's distant wood it died,  
Unkenchie's rippling shore beside ;  
Meshomac heard, and the glittering side  
Of Manchonock at even-tide.

The flowery vale you still may see,  
Beyond the quiet Litgance ;  
Where years ago the wizard came  
And vanished in the cloud and flame.  
And men still say that every year  
When the lone woods are brown and sear,  
And dismal winds are sighing low  
O'er forests fading sad and slow,  
The traveler late at night may hear

The wild whoop of the conjuror,  
And timid neighbors fear to follow,  
In the dim light of eve, "the Whooping Boy's  
Hollow."<sup>26</sup>

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Joy to the music of the birds,<sup>27</sup> that come  
Upon the autumn wind, from their far home :  
Joy to their rustling wings fast passing by,  
And gladsome forms traced on the tranquil sky.  
In countless roving flocks, they settle down  
Upon the short-browed hills like meadows mown ;  
Chase through the grass already brown and sear,  
The last poor insect of the waning year ;  
Or high aloft in lengthened lines they fly,  
With heedless haste to greet the southern sky.  
O'er Fithian's plains when eastern winds prevail,  
In gathering crowds the gentle plover sail ;

With curious eye inspect their feeding place,  
And then as quick their former path retrace.  
Mark how they sink along the extended plain,  
As distant far you stretch and look in vain ;  
Till o'er the bounding hills with sudden rise,  
Their glancing plumage glitters on the skies.  
With lengthened flight they surely turn again,  
And surely trace once more th' inviting plain ;  
Backward and forward patiently they fly,  
Till some choice spot attracts their leader's eye ;  
Then settling down, their nimble feet explore  
The grassy tufts for Autumn's treasured store.  
Nor these alone the fruitful plains supply ;  
Hark ! to the sounding call, high up the sky,  
Of the Great Tell-tale slowly passing by.  
With clamorous answer, all the marshy ground  
Wakes into life and sends the echo round.  
Now stooping from his lofty flight with care,  
Downward he glideth like a falling star,  
Swiftly the glassy lake he passes o'er,  
And with raised wing lights on the sloping shore.  
In flocks of countless numbers, to and fro



The gentle Peeps and timid Frost-birds go ;  
Settling in crowds upon the grassy plain,  
And scarcely settling ere they rise again.  
The giant Fute and wary Curlew fly  
With steadier wing among the smaller fry.  
Hark to the murderous gun ! and far and near,  
The universal throat of discord hear.  
O'er all the plains, wild-startled at the sound,  
From frightened flocks the hurried notes resound :  
But mark, far on the swelling hills that rise  
From the fair plains to meet the northern skies,  
There sits the Eagle ; proud and silent king  
Of all that cleave the air on feathered wing ;  
Upon a blasted, tree perchance the last  
Of spreading forests in the ages past.  
Still is his wing and calm his flashing eye,  
That heeds not, if it notes aught passing by.  
But now from far the quick report resounds,  
From hill to hill the flying echo bounds ;  
With head half raised he views the flight below,  
In wild confusion driven to and fro.  
Along the hills the timid Curlew fly,

With hasty wing to shun the danger nigh ;  
Breasting with easy stroke the steep ascent ;  
Easy for all save one now well-nigh spent.  
See how the poor bird fails upon the wind !  
Left by his swift companions far behind ;  
Steady though slow he feels his vigor fail,  
To scale the hill will all his strength avail ?  
Lo ! now the Eagle cleaves his liquid way,  
Falling like light upon his distant prey,  
Yet no exulting notes his deed proclaim ;  
Silent he flies as if in very shame.

Delightful Kongonock ! thy tranquil rest  
Takes the sear leaf of autumn, to its breast.  
From the far hills chased by the blustering wind,  
Within thine arms a home its wanderings find.  
There, like a fairy's boat it floats awhile,  
Till rippling waves its tender structure spoil ;  
Then as the foundered ship, to rise no more  
It sinks beneath the wave or idly beats the shore.  
Where bleak Culloden lifts its hoary brow,  
O'er foaming rocks that line the shore below,

Hark ! to the quivering wings that swiftly fly,  
While autumn twilight gilds the eastern sky.  
The Golden<sup>28</sup> Eye, whose sounding pinions wake  
On either side the echoes of the lake ;  
The heavy Brant and Grey Duck modest drest,  
The painted Widgeon, with the russet crest,  
And Teal light-springing through the tranquil air,  
In the fast passing shades to the still lake repair.  
There while the morn its early glory flings,  
Ere her swift car from the broad ocean springs ;  
With patient toil they search the reedy shore,  
Or underneath the fruitful fields explore.  
How changed are all save thee, Oh quiet lake !  
No more wild cries of war thine echoes wake ;  
Gone are the embowering trees, beneath whose  
    shade  
At dusky eve the Indian lovers strayed ;  
The deer is fled that swam thy liquid pool,  
Chased by the ravening wolf, with leap and howl ;  
Gone all thine old mementos ; yet remain  
Unchanged thy placid smiles beside the silent plain.

What solemn thoughts are with the buried dead !  
Whether they sleep in grassy church-yards laid,  
Or in the massive vault, or sculptured tomb,  
Whose voiceless chambers wait in silent gloom.  
Here is the burial-ground<sup>29</sup>—how still they rest !  
The dead of other days crumbling to dust.  
Rude stones unchiseled mark the holy spot,  
Already by the living half forgot ;  
Cheerful upon the hillside, gathering here  
The feeble sunbeams of the waning year ;  
Wooing in spring the early fickle ray,  
With grateful warmth upon the mouldering clay.  
Above the swelling earth the green grass waves,  
The meek-eyed<sup>30</sup> plover hides among the graves,  
And gaily springs to cleave the liquid air,  
With mellow whistle half devoid of fear.  
How have the living spirits passed away  
That gave of old life to the slumbering clay !  
Where are the glorious thoughts, the lofty aims,  
That woke and struggled with their mortal frames ?  
And where the dwelling of the quenchless mind,

Whom death's strong grasp fails in his strength to  
bind ?

Close by this ancient grave-yard, farther down,  
With curious eye behold th' imprinted<sup>31</sup> stone ;  
And close beside, the pool whose waters clear  
Grow fresh and sparkling all the livelong year.  
Here, as the tale is told of olden time,  
A warrior fled disgraced by treacherous crime,  
Upon the flinty rock his foot he pressed,  
And to the north wind bared his shaggy breast,  
Then with a mighty bound he forward sprang,  
With his last cry the hill and valley rang,  
The opening earth received him to its dead,  
While bubbling waters flowed above his head ;  
And still the living fountains rise and spring,  
And the print on the rock stands its witness to bring.

Autumn with shortening day and paler sun,  
And changing flower and leaf, came slowly on ;  
Each morn I woke to see the shadows fall,  
Higher and higher on my chamber wall ;  
The deep blue sky, and strength-reviving wind,

Came like an inspiration o'er the mind ;  
And yet I waited, lingered for the sweep  
Of the wild tempest o'er the heaving deep.  
To one whose ear is open, and whose eye  
With right conception views the changing sky,  
And signs at morn and eve, in air and earth,  
Nature becomes a prophet speaking truth ;  
The birds are wise in knowledge, even the worm  
Hides in the earth to bide the coming storm.  
Hark ! to the sighing wind, and see at last,  
The thin-veined clouds hide the prophetic west ;  
In mimic whirlwinds all along the path,  
The parched dust of summer flies the earth,  
Then comes the storm, gathering its powers by night,  
And wildly raging with the morning light.  
Great power of waters ! how the island shakes !  
While on the shore the crested surf-wave breaks ;  
The everlasting sea, seen far below  
From the tall cliffs, is white as driven snow ;  
Roll the huge billows high o'er dry Neapeague,  
Her thirsty sands are drenched a foaming league ;  
The rocks and lovely shade of Nommonock,

Tremble and quake beneath the ceaseless shock :  
The raging tempest through the Hither Wood,  
Shouts to the Storm-god of the angry flood :  
Battered Culloden on his iron gate,  
Seems with delight yet fiercer blows to wait.  
The tall stern cliffs that hear the billows roar,  
From the far point along the southern shore,  
Sink from their towering height beneath the wave,  
Whose wild confusion is their watery grave.  
Oh yet a little longer, still pour on,  
Spirit of storms ! o'er firm Wamponomon ;  
Drive the swift mists, from ocean's face that spring,  
Like billows o'er the land on hastened wing.  
Here will I rest me on the farthest verge,  
Strong to resist the wild Atlantic's surge,  
Catch the first breath of swiftly-traveling air,  
From dim Manisses in her foam-rocked lair ;  
And listen to the notes, that loudly rise  
From sea and tempest to the shrouded skies.  
Come unto me, breath of the raging air,  
Fall, stormy rain, swift clouds your gates unbar ;  
Rise, ocean mists, and chase the flying wind

Like ghosts that flit across the wandering mind :  
Dash foamy spray, and fling your sparkling gems,  
Brighter than stones in kingly diadems.  
Wake, Oh my soul, and see the glorious birth  
Of storm and ocean and the wrestling earth.  
Hail to the sea and storm ! the mountain throne,  
And stars dim-traveling o'er their mighty zone ;  
God speaks in all his wonders, let me hear  
The awful whisper sounding in my ear,  
All that hath power or vastness, be to me,  
The presence manifest of deity.  
A ship upon the waters, in the cloud  
Of spray and winged mist, wrapped like a shroud,  
Sunk all her shining canvas o'er the main,  
Save the reefed topsail for the flying train.  
Hark ! in the wild commotion, from afar  
How the rude spirits sing through rope and spar,  
In vain—no ear save fancy's hears the cry,  
Loud uproar reigns and stunning tumult nigh.  
In sheltered coves the wary sea-fowl lie,  
Watching the tempest with experienced eye :  
The battered Peeps and Plover, seek the grass



That waves luxuriant o'er the wild morass ;  
Trees rock and bend before the rising gale,  
Like tapering spars, pressed by the extended sail ;  
All nature feels the tempest, owns the power  
Of wild disorder in its raging hour.

Night came with rayless darkness, and I heard  
Clear as the tramp of war to battle stirred,  
The falling of the billows one by one,  
That shook the beacon to its topmost stone.  
And when slumber with leaden eye came on,  
And hushed and mingled all wild sounds to one,  
Dimming the clear outgoings of the soul,  
Still, thought that never slumbers held control,  
And with young Fancy, maid divinely fair,  
Ran riot through the worlds of earth and air.  
Forever labor, Oh untiring thought !  
With bright-eyed Fancy sometimes come to naught,  
Laughing through all her gorgeous halls of light,  
Where scenes unreal wake real delight ;  
Walk through the years to come, like prophet sage,  
And catch the brightness of the coming age ;

With Inspiration, child of heavenly birth,  
Flee the uncertain light of clouded earth,  
Stand on the hills by love-led angels trod,  
And bow thrice-blessed, at the throne of God.  
Nor idle wander only, glorious thought !  
Strive in all labor, in all wisdom sought,  
Swell the full heart of love, that throbs to share  
The pains and sorrows which the afflicted bear ;  
Toil for the million, stay the curse of sin,  
Labor and pray to let the blessing in ;  
And when, like mist at morn, life fades away,  
Up-springing to the light of coming day,  
Wake then, undying thought, from all that dies,  
Where the rude wreck of time in ruin lies,  
Wake with the angels, whose inquiring eye  
Shines in the light of God, no more to dim or die.

### PART III.

"I was a spirit in the midst of these."—MONTGOMERY.

Thoughts, both real and unreal,  
Are the progeny of sleep,  
Swarming in her fruitful chambers,  
Where restraint no vigil keeps ;  
Sometimes, like an inspiration,  
Gathering up the thread of life,  
Merry in its mirth and pleasure,  
Frowning in its dark-eyed strife ;  
And sometimes, in graphic vision,  
Picturing as the real life,  
Stranger phantasies than ever  
In the maniac's mind were rife ;

Dwelling in the past and present,  
And with fearless hand and heart,  
From the holy future ages,  
Drawing wide the veil apart.  
While the tempest shook the island,  
And the night outvied the day,  
In the arms of mighty slumber,  
Like a nurse-rocked child I lay ;  
But a vision, more than worthy  
Of the glorious sounds I heard,  
Mingled with the rising voices,  
And my inmost being stirred.  
Listen while I tell the vision,  
It is fresh within my brain,  
And I almost pray for gladness,  
I may never dream again.

The past with me was perished ; and I woke,  
Like Adam, when full-orbed creation broke  
Upon his new-born wonder ; nothing strange,  
Or stranger than all things, was in the change ;  
I had forgotten all that came behind,

And unastonished rode the viewless wind,  
Walked the fair caverns of the deep, and heard  
Its melody of waters gently stirred ;  
Or passed, like swift-winged angels, far along  
Where rolling planets wake immortal song.  
More than all this, with deeper joy, I held  
Communion with all spirits of the world ;  
Talked with the Genii of the flood and air,  
Heard all the murmurs that were whispered there ;  
Heard all, knew all, and yet was strangely free,  
Naught of all things that were was aught to me.

Moved by that secret sympathy which binds  
Even in the dream-land, earth to earth-born minds ;  
Under an ocean cliff alone  
I lay, watching the storm,  
That shook its noble form,  
From its sea-washed base to the topmost stone :  
Spirits of earth, ocean and air,  
All abroad in the tempest were.

There's a lull of the whirlwind, I hear on the deep  
The song of the dead in the ocean that sleep;  
They are many, they are many, in their light-rolling  
car,  
As it driveth along on the swift-flying air,  
And their voices are strange to all save me,  
As they shout with the tempest or hum to the sea.

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We're a merry band of brothers met,  
Every one out o' the sea,  
Our bodies are laid  
In the ocean shade,  
And our spirits wander free.  
In the depths of the ocean home they say,  
Are coral grottoes fair,  
But more than these, brothers, we love  
The upper world of air.  
We drank of the sea when the north wind blew,  
And the icy spirit hid,

With slippery hand each rope and spar,  
Under its crystal lid,  
And our numb hands over the cordage slid.  
Here and there one, not all together,  
In the raging storm, and in smiling weather.  
On our car the foam-drops rest,  
Glittering gems from ocean's breast,  
Tinted spray, with colors meet,  
Folds its drapery round our feet,  
And the tempest lendeth its wings to bear  
Our burden aloft through the flying air ;  
Or we gently glide when winds are low,  
With the song of the ripple under our bow.  
We're a merry band of brothers met,  
Our songs to the deep we sing,  
And mortals listen in breeze and storm,  
And say 'tis the wild wind's wing ;  
But they carelessly hear the song of the dead,  
Of the ocean dead who sleep  
Beneath the brine, on the knotted line  
A hundred fathoms deep.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

I had traveled far and fearless,  
O'er the glorious ocean's face,  
And I loved its every motion,  
Tranquil breeze or restless chase ;  
Oft I gazed upon its bosom,  
Dreaming what its secrets were,  
When it slept so still and tranquil  
In the balmy summer air ;  
Yet I loved it more and better  
When the tempest shook its wing,  
And the black and angry water  
Like a charger seemed to spring.  
Yet I love thee, glorious ocean,  
Though my mortal body hide,  
Where the frowning coast of Norway  
Looks upon the restless tide.  
Ride on brave car, I shall sing in the ear  
Of many who die like me,  
When the tempest's breath



Wraps the ship in death,  
And their ghosts flit over the sea.  
The north wind blew coldly,  
We lay like a wreck,  
And the drops of spray frozen,  
Slid off from our deck.  
How the tempest drove us onward,  
While our bodies, lame and stiff,  
Bound along the ship dismantled,  
Floated towards Luffoden's cliff.  
Wet and weary, dull with hunger,  
When its frowning beacon rose,  
Dim amid the mists of ocean,  
Like a giant in repose ;  
From the score of living beings,  
Struggling for the woe of life,  
Not a cry of fear or terror  
Witnessed to the anxious strife.  
Yet in every earnest bosom,  
As we neared the dreaded shore,  
Hope that had not ceased its burning,  
Feebler flamed than heretofore.

In the foaming waste of waters,  
Striving with my latest breath,  
There I left my mortal body  
To the watchful eye of death.  
Little I dreamed, when stiff and cold  
The north wind chilled me through,  
That I should glide in my spray-girt car,  
Over the ocean blue ;  
Or laugh on the wings of the tempest dread,  
While I sing to the winds the song of the dead.  
In the ear of the maiden,  
Whose lover will come,  
On the breeze rudely blowing  
In peace to his home ;  
And who smiles from her casement,  
Out on the sea,  
I sing pleasant music,  
A song bold and free ;  
And she blesses the voice of the loud-sounding wind,  
And looks for the ship that lingers behind.  
Yet the same tone is sad  
To some poor stricken form,

Whose last stay and helper  
Now battles the storm;  
And she trembles to hear the tone of the blast,  
As it rattles the door, hastening furious past.  
I am the spirit that to the wind  
Giveth its utterance clear;  
Its beautiful tone  
As we travel on,  
Mortals lone to hear;  
On land and sea,  
They listen to me,  
And only cowards fear.  
We're a merry band of spirits met,  
Each one a work to do,  
Brothers of earth, as we travel on  
We sing our songs to you;  
Busy forever, never in vain  
Toiling o'er earth and the restless main.

## SECOND SPIRIT.

When the south wind blows softly,  
The low ripples come  
O'er the still face of ocean,  
Like love to its home ;  
They glide where the rounded stones  
Lie on the sand,  
And the voice of their music  
Is low on the strand.  
The surf beating momentarily  
Time for the sea,  
Down in its beaded foam  
Whispers to me ;  
Under its hoary brow,  
Fast driving to and fro,  
The rolling pebbles of ocean go ;  
And out of the deep a music is heard  
That beareth no likeness to mortal word.  
List to its sounding roar,  
When the wild waters pour,

Fierce on the stormy shore ;  
And tell me if aught in earth or air,  
With the changeable notes of the surf compare.  
I to the soulless water give  
Its tones of music, words that live,  
And to man's wearied path impart  
The songs of the sea to cheer his heart.

## THIRD SPIRIT.

In graves of earth the dead are laid,  
Over them waves the willow's shade,  
And if beautiful flowers are springing there,  
What for these do the slumberers care?  
Under the ground they sleep in vain,  
They shall not wake to life again,  
Till their mouldering bodies crumbled away,  
Hear the call of the judgment day.  
Over their bones the earth-worms crawl,  
And the rains of winter patter and fall,  
Oozing through the damp cold clay,

Where in silence they moulder away ;  
Yet they pity the ocean dead who sleep  
Down in the caves of the changeless deep ;  
And seem to doubt in their hearts of fear,  
If the hand of the Lord be everywhere.

---

To the spirit of cold I listened awhile,  
For he sang how his dreary domain  
By the walls of night, held many a sight  
Worthy his powerful reign.  
He rode on a throne of glittering ice,  
And its burnished pomp was a choice device,  
Veined with green and deep-sea blue,  
Whose changeable tints were the water's hue.

## SONG OF THE COLD.

By my power, at the word of the Lord,  
Crystals of snow on the earth are poured ;  
Beautiful beings out of the sky,  
Falling upon our world to die.  
Sometimes when the air is still,  
And silence listens on plain and hill,  
Dropping on tree and bush and stone,  
Till a robe of white over all is thrown.  
Under the snow, the laurel green,  
And larch, and fragrant pine are seen ;  
Then the north wind cometh on,  
And the beautiful sights of the snow are gone ;  
Shaken from every loaded bough,  
Fiercely driven to and fro,  
Idly it whirlleth round and round,  
Fearing to fall on the frozen ground,  
Or hides away in crevice and nook,  
Where the howling blast forgets to look.  
The waters that leap from their mountain home,

I freeze to a pillar of silver foam ;  
On its side with slanting ray  
The pale light shines through the shortening day,  
Yet not a crystal gem on its face,  
Can the power of the heat-giving sun efface.  
I chill the life of the flowing stream,  
Till like a stone its waters seem ;  
And the ear on the surface, listens in vain  
For the drops running back to ocean again.  
Hoary old wastes of ocean ! tell  
My power in the realms where I love to dwell ;  
Out of the deep like mountains I bring  
Craggs that know no summer or spring ;  
In the brilliant land of cold,  
Never their dazzling sides grow old,  
For the gathering snows fall every day,  
And I glue to their feet the ocean spray.  
How many years has the fallen snow  
Piled on the iceberg's chilly brow,  
Where beneath Bootes train,  
It layeth its head to rest on the main.  
Man cannot count its tale of years,



For the hardened snow like the ice appears,  
Both are frozen, turned to stone,  
And the crystal flakes and the ice are one.  
Unto my home, the lightning's flame  
And echoing thunder never came ;  
Yet there waketh sometimes a voice as loud  
As ever broke from the parted cloud.  
I thunder in my still domain,  
When the depths of the ice are rent in twain.  
Man loveth not my desolate home,  
Yet his restless feet to my altar come,  
Searching the secret place of the cold,  
Which his eager eye shall fail to behold.  
Impotent man shall never climb  
Where the hills of ice are as old as time.  
Round about my regal throne  
Walls and battlements are strown,  
And I dwell in my pride and pomp alone.  
Many a secret thing is hid  
Under the ocean's frosty lid ;  
Ships and men in my kingdom sleep,  
Who are neither the dead of the earth or the deep ;

I have buried them one and all,  
Not with book, or mourners, or pall ;  
In the cabin and hold they lie,  
Every one as he chanced to die.  
Some are crouching over the fire,  
Where they watched its flame expire,  
Or with pen in hand give earnest heed,  
Writing a tale that none shall read ;  
And the paper lies on the table-stand,  
Just as it did when I stopped their hand.  
Hundreds of years, and there cometh no change,  
The muscle is full, and the light blue vein  
Over the temple shall yet remain,  
Only the look of the eye is strange :  
In the eye of vision the spirit lives,  
Wonderful power its bright light gives,  
And I cannot save the beautiful eye,  
For the spirit of man shall never die.  
I have heard the breath of summer sing  
How delicate flowers in his kingdom spring,  
How the green leaves wave on the forest trees,  
And softly move when he wakes the breeze ;

But where on the earth, can you find a sight  
Like the penciled work of the frost at night.

---

There is a place in the heart of the deep,  
Where the waters of ocean never sleep ;  
Over it hangs in the light of day,  
The bow of hope on a cloud of spray ;  
And the troubled billows foam and pour  
On the rocks below with a changeless roar.  
Who ever saw the whirlpool drink  
The ocean wave from its eddying brink !  
Or with triple<sup>32</sup> courage, steered his boat  
Where the wrecks of the billow fear to float.  
I sat on the cloud of foam and spray  
That over the pool in the shadows lay,  
And saw the struggling waters leap,  
Like Haydon's war-horse,<sup>33</sup> into the deep ;

Yet I heeded little the rushing wave,  
Or the waters that sank to a bottomless grave.  
Round about, and round about,  
In the foam and spray and out,  
Spirits were gliding,  
From me never hiding,  
Circling round the line of foam  
That marks on the sea their restless home.

#### CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We are avengers  
Of the deeds of the sea,  
Wherever man goeth  
We fail not to be ;  
And we read in his heart  
Thoughts that fallow to crime,  
And watch for their fruits  
In the growing of time.  
The waters sink  
From the whirlpool's brink,

Down, down, down ;  
Underneath  
Is the land of death,  
Where the dead of the sea, unworthy to ride  
In their glorious car o'er the foamy tide,  
Like the useless weed are thrown.  
While ocean waits in its restless bed,  
Listening to hear the sure decree,  
By the word of the Lord, there is no more sea,  
Sorrow and gloom are over their head ;  
Time lives when hope is fled.  
Thundering billows, foam and pour,  
Brothers, we pass the waters o'er,  
Bring the mortals Circed<sup>34</sup> with crime,  
Hopeless in the love of time,  
Heave them over the whirlpool's brink,  
Where the foaming water's sink.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Who loveth not the mother that bare him !  
Though her eye be old and dim ;  
Comes not oft, when age or sorrow  
Clouds the pleasant light of the morrow,  
Sitting by her side to cheer  
The weary hours of life's waning year.

By the gates of the sea,  
Where the navies of ocean ride,  
Rocking on the changing tide,  
Up and down heavily,  
I saw one of the children of mirth  
Eagerly wooing the pleasures of earth ;  
Carelessness laughed in his broad blue eye,  
And he lived as if he were never to die.  
By him was the sparkling cup,  
Wanton fingers took it up,  
Placed it to his very lip,  
And he could not help but sip,  
Though he knew the flowing bowl

Was a stake against his soul.  
Dalliance lapped his life in bliss,  
With her love-ensnaring kiss,  
And her mildew on the heart,  
Blighting all its holy part ;  
Till his conscience heeded not God above ;  
And how could he think of his childhood's love!  
Far, far away ;  
In another land, and another clime,  
Walking slow by weary old Time,  
Followed by want from day to day,  
Whose lean hand ever on her shoulder lay ;  
His mother looked o'er the spreading sea,  
For the child she had cradled on her knee,  
And lay awake of nights to hear  
The winds howl over the waters drear.  
I pointed him out when he strove with the sail  
That flapped in the arms of the strong-wrest-  
ling gale,  
And it flung him down on the bubbling foam,  
One more spirit to the ocean home ;  
Yet not in their glorious car to ride,

In calm or storm, o'er the flowing tide.  
Down to the whirlpool's deepest cell  
I throw him ;  
There let him dwell,  
No one to know him ;  
Let him not hear  
In his hours of fear,  
Even a sigh that moveth cheer ;  
Where solitude broods o'er her weary reign,  
And anxious silence listens in vain.

---

A ship on the ocean ! no car of the dead,  
A ship on the ocean ! her flag overhead,  
Every sail fully set, not a reef-point is there,  
Fore and mizzen, main and jib, every one is draw-  
ing fair,  
To the sky-sail that hangs on its tapering spar.  
Through the mantle of foam that is spread on the  
deep,



Lying over in the tempest, see the gallant vessel  
sweep ;

True and fair she cleaves the water, not an arm on  
her wheel,

Riding o'er the foaming billow as if angels blessed  
the keel ;

On her sides the spray and vapor beat like showers  
of summer rain,

And the wind that moves the ocean struggles with  
her sails in vain.

Swinging on the straining yards, gliding down the  
slippery mast,

Loud they laugh in mirth and frolic, while the tem-  
pest shouteth past,

Tell me, ye who know the ocean, who are these  
that sail so bold,

And while tempests rage and thunder, fear nor ter-  
ror seem to hold.

Tis the phantom ship ; that in darkness and wrath  
Ploughs evermore its waste ocean path ;

And the heart of the mariner trembles in dread,

When it crosses his vision like a ghost of the dead.

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Gather storms, Oh wasting ocean,  
Roll your foaming billows high,  
Night with cloud and pall of darkness,  
Veil in gloom the guiding sky ;  
Storm and sky and hastening water,  
Rise against our path in vain,  
Idle all your sounding warfare,  
Free we course the ruffled main.

Wail, oh winds, a mournful requiem,  
O'er the great funereal deep,  
While they pass in countless numbers,  
To their long forgotten sleep.  
From our number none shall perish,  
We are masters of the wave,  
And the rolling floods that mock us,  
Nevermore shall be our grave.●

Rise, Oh ship, to breast the billow,  
Crowd aloft the shivering sail,  
Drive where ere our fancy leads us,  
Stronger than the sounding gale ;  
Hoary mists fall thick and heavy,  
Winds opposing, howl and rave,  
Nothing stays our gallant vessel,  
Riding o'er the heaving wave.

## SECOND CHORUS.

We are all here,  
All the ghosts that mariners fear,  
Bred on the waters, finding our home  
Every where that the billows roam ;  
Merry or grave, bold and free,  
A jovial band of spirits are we.  
Does not the heart of the brave man fail,  
And terror blanch his countenance pale,  
As we sit on the end of the yard and the spar,  
In circles of fire on the ominous air.

Ha ! 'tis merry to see him cower,  
Bold hearts shrink at our puny power,  
That would laugh us to scorn, if they knew as we,  
How feeble the spirits of ocean be.  
Lay him down now on his hammock to rest,  
Steadily rises his broad firm breast,  
With an inspiration long and deep,  
Such as betokens perfect sleep.  
On his brow there is no care,  
Thought with its lines is wanting there,  
Muscle and sinew everywhere.  
Over his head the thunder may burst,  
The storm and the whirlwind do its worst,  
Nothing shall mar his quiet rest,  
Or the steady rise of his broad firm breast.  
Whisper now, brother, in his ear,  
And his quick pulse bounds with the throb of fear,  
Trouble broods on his anxious brow,  
And his arms are tossing to and fro,  
Till he starts from his rest with a wildered gleam,  
And looks for the ghost of his vanishing dream.  
All the fancies vague and strange,

Hatching in the lonely brain,  
Dreaming o'er the thoughtful main,  
Superstition's witching train ;  
Where the thoughts unbidden range,  
Lingering in the world that is  
Viewless unto those in this ;  
All the dread of powers unfelt,  
To which fear has ever knelt,  
Hanging on the thought confined,  
Like a nightmare of the mind ;  
Brooding terror, rayless gloom,  
Hastening to a changeless doom ;  
To our gallant vessel come,  
Joyous in their ocean home.  
Merry and sad, gay and grave,  
They own our power on the deep-sea wave.

Morn slowly came to close the glorious scene ;  
Calm morn ; with deep blue sky, and air serene,  
First fruit of autumn ; yet the unquiet sea  
Worked in its o'erwrought bed tumultuously ;

Like a proud charger champed its bit of foam,  
And rolled its sounding wave in thunder home.  
Farewell, Oh ocean ! many days thy roar  
Has been my music, now to be no more ;  
Yet like a lover, in my heart of hearts  
Thy presence goeth with me, joy imparts.  
I shall not always leave thee ; yet again,  
God willing, I will hail thee, changeless main.  
Farewell, Oh ocean ! would that thy great thought  
Upon my inner life its power had wrought ;  
Then up my soul, shake off the brooding dream,  
Life for mankind and God be now thy theme,  
Stand in thy lot, strike for the truth and right,  
Strike with full heart, God help thee in the fight ;  
Still through the dust and strife of manhood's years,  
Undimmed by all save wrong, a star appears,  
Around it hope, with gentle halo plays,  
And points and lures us on, through earth's dark  
days ;  
Till in the coming years, we hear the word,  
And hail with joy, the " well done " of our Lord.

## NOTES.

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### 1. The hills that rise beside Neapeague's lone waste.

Neapeague, signifies "the water land." In violent storms the waves break over it for miles in extent. Neapeague Beach, is a long sand bar connecting Montauk with Long Island. Seen from the Nommonock Hills it presents an appearance worthy of an eastern desert.

### 2. From wakening birds the early burst of song.

Few even of those who are accustomed to listen to the song of the birds, are aware of the universal chorus which rises from forest, bush, and field, with the early break of day. It is the only time when all the feathered songsters unite in their hymn of praise, and its continuance is so brief that not many shake off the slumbers of the night in season to listen to its music.

### 3. Reared its bald head o'er Nommonock's far height!

The Nommonock Hills rise out of the sandy waste of Neapeague, forming the bold and rugged outline of the western extremity of Montauk.

### 4. Seawanhackee.

One of the Indian names of Long Island.

### 5. Joins Seawanhackee to "the hilly land."

Montauk, or Montaukett, signifies "the hilly country," a name suggested undoubtedly by its peculiar aspect.

## 6. Are hid with thee.

Vessels, large fish, and other heavy bodies, are not unfrequently brought in during violent storms, and either partially or wholly buried under the moving sands of Neapeague. But a few years since, a complete skeleton of a whale was imbedded upon the southern shore.

## 7. The deep still valleys,

The whole surface of Montauk is either valley or hill. In many places so deep and precipitous are the valleys, that they seem more like ravines, except for the delightful and verdant level always spread out at the bottom.

## 8. Beneath the shadows of "the Hither Wood."

There are two tracts of woodland, known as "the Hither Woods," and "the Point Woods." Solitary and decaying trunks over all the country show that not many years since it was covered much more extensively and perhaps wholly with forest.

## 9. Across Down Neck, we sought "the printed rock."

There are two or three rocks upon Montauk, containing each a distinct and well wrought impression of the human foot. The one here alluded to, in the vicinity of the former burial place of the tribe, is perhaps best known. They are supposed to have been carved as landmarks.

## 10. Wamponomon.

The extreme eastern point of Montauk.

## 11. Broader and brighter like the good man's way.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

## 12. To the deep music of the water's flow;

None who have stood by the surf and listened to the murmur of



the stones moved by the retiring wave, can have failed to admire the peculiar melody which seems to spring out of the water.

13. With lingering steps I sought the lonely home.

With the exception of a few Indian huts, there are but four dwellings upon Montauk.

14. There is a valley fair to view.

The scene of the legend of Wyandannee, is laid in the valley stretching from the head of Kongonock, northeast towards the Shagwannon Hills. It was the actual residence of the chief; and the events recorded are historically true.

15. And sinks on his shoulders his beautiful head.

When the deer is started, and feels the necessity of rapid flight, with his head thrown back upon his shoulders, and his common-place and ungainly form moulded into lines of grace and beauty, he presents perhaps the finest picture of speed that the realms of animated nature afford.

16. Manchonock.

Gardiner's Island.

17. Still away, Meshomac lies,

Meshomac is the southeastern point of Shelter Island.

18. Manhassetts' warriors brave,

The Manhassetts occupied Shelter Island.

19. And the brave of Unkenchie,

Unkenchie—One of the names of Shelter Island. Its more common name was Manhanseckahaquashawannuck.

20. For "the Sachem's Hole," in the haunted wood.

For many years "the Sachem's Hole" was shown as one of the

curious relics of Indian history. Tradition relates that when the chief of the Manhassetts, who was brother to Wyandannee, was borne after his decease to be interred upon Montauk, those who carried the body, laid it down to rest in the woods east of Easthampton; and that where the head of the chief lay, a hole in the ground was excavated, to which the tribe attached a peculiar sacredness. For centuries every individual as he passed, carefully cleansed the hole of its dirt and rubbish, and seemed to offer over it his silent devotions. In the year 1846 the laying out of a new road absorbed forever this sacred memorial of former ages.

21. Alas! poor victims,

The lance, like the flying-fish of the ocean, finds no place of safety from its numerous foes. Driven to the surface by voracious fish, it is there assailed by birds, and even in the shallow waters of the shore it has numerous enemies, of whom by no means the most insignificant is the apparently inert and tardy cuttle-fish.

22. But to the upper air returned no more;

The small Tern often dives with so much force and velocity, as to remain completely submerged for several seconds. In such cases it is not unfrequently seized by some of the numerous fish lying in wait for the lance or other prey which may chance to pass on the surface.

23. The pigmy Peeps along the waning year;

The Peeps are Wilson's Sandpiper, and receive various names along the coast, as Peeps, Knee-deeps &c. Any one who has been by the sea in spring or fall must have noticed their peculiarly guileless and trusting look.

24. Manisses.

Block Island.

25. Yet round and round his flashing eye,

The power of life in the eye of the Eagle is wonderful beyond

expression to those who have not witnessed it. Even when paralyzed with wounds so that it cannot move muscle or feather, the light of its eye burns with full force and brilliancy ; thought and determination seem triumphing in the unconquerable will, and when at last it fades like the cooling of burning metal, death has already supervened.

26. In the dim light of eve, "the Whooping Boy's Hollow."

East of Easthampton a place is shown in the forest called the "Whooping Boy's Hollow," where the credulous hear from time to time the wild yell of an Indian apparently engaged in mortal combat with some invisible foe.

27. Joy to the music of the birds,

Early in autumn, the hills and sloping sides of Montauk, are covered with the various birds of passage that follow the coast southward. In the account here given of them, popular and local names are adopted, rather than those known only to the scientific.

28. The Golden Eye, whose sounding pinions wake,

The Golden Eye, or Whistler—so called, not as many suppose from his peculiar note, but from the shrill sound of his wings in flight.

29. Here is the burial-ground,

A little to the west of Kongonock, in the Indian Field, is the principal burying-ground of which any traces remain. It is not probable that its antiquity extends back farther than the early settlements of the whites upon Long Island. The mound and stones at the head and foot of the grave, indicate a civilized origin. Still neglect and solitude give it an appearance which naturally carries the mind back to the times when the funeral wail went up from every hill and valley.

30. The meek-eyed plover hides among the graves,

30. The Grass Plover, or Bartram's Tattler, is common upon Montauk during all the summer months. From the rank grass of the In-

dian Field, it rises at almost every step, and its "mellow whistle" is a soft and pleasing note, which every lover of nature delights to hear.

31. Behold th' imprinted stone ;

Near the Burial Ground is one of the foot-prints of which mention is made in note 9. Near the foot-print is a perennial fountain or pool, and as nothing remarkable can be shown in a country whose history is lost, without a tradition attached to it, it is related that in the early ages of the Montauk nation, one of the tribe, whose reputation was ruined and life forfeited by some act of crime, fled to this spot, and placing his foot upon the rock, sprang forward into the valley which opened to receive him, while from the closing earth gushed forth a spring which to this day has not ceased to flow.

32. Or with triple courage steered his boat,

*Illi robur et aes triplex*

*Circa pectus erat.—HORACE.*

33. Like Haydon's war-horse,

Allusion is here made to the magnificent war-horse of Haydon descending with Curtius into the Gulf. The popular idea of the Maelstrom is of course adopted, which supposes the waters in the center of the whirlpool to make a precipitous leap downward into some unknown abyss.

34. Bring the mortals Circed with crime,

The author hopes to be pardoned for the introduction of a word designed to express the blind infatuation with which the goddess was supposed to possess her followers.

## PENINSULA OF MONTAUK.

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LONG ISLAND is generally considered about one hundred and twenty miles long, measuring from its western extremity near Coney Island to the point of Montauk. The island proper, however, terminates at a line drawn across it from north to south about three miles east of Amagansett. I do not mean that the whole is not enclosed within one circuit of water, but all west of this line is of one geological formation which here ceases with great abruptness, and is succeeded by the sandy waste of Neapeague and the rolling hills of Montauk, seeming like portions of another country. The western portion has been often described and to it we do not purpose at present to allude. But the eastern part is comparatively little known. And though no portion of our country is richer in legendary lore, though none affords a more delightful retreat from the heat and bustle of the city during summer, and though the whole lies within a very

few hours' ride of the great emporium of our western world, still few persons are aware that a region so entirely unique and yet so pleasant in its scenery, lies within their reach. While Metacom, Sagnyn, Whathah and Thayendanagea have furnished abundant themes for the historian and the novelist, the name of Wyandannee is scarcely heard; and though every school-boy can tell the story of the Pequots, the Mohicans, and the Tuscaroras, not many know even the land of the powerful tribes of Manhasset and Montauk. Their insular position separated them from the great contests which, while they swept their red brethren from the main land, yet left them a name on the page of history. The friendly disposition which their great leader always manifested toward his white neighbors prevented the scenes of savage strife which so often marked the intercourse of the two races, and by slow degrees, unheard of by the busy world, this once powerful people has melted away till of the Manhassets not one is left, and of the Montauks probably the last representative, a miserable vagabond, wanders over the hills where his fathers held undisputed sway. The east end of Long Island has, from its difficulty of access, been to most travelers a complete *terra incognita*. We propose therefore, in this place, to give a brief sketch of Neapeague and Montauk, their formation, natural history, historical associations, and whatever else may seem to be of interest.

Passing about five miles eastward from the village of East Hampton, and emerging from between the high and thick hedges which have hitherto confined our view on either hand,

we find ourselves on a hill-side with a most singular prospect opening before us, east, south, and west. To the east stretches a long waste of sandy plain, which seems to be entirely level, though it is in fact moderately uneven. The only elevations which break the perfect uniformity of its surface are the sand-hills which, long ago, when the sand was bare, were raised by the action of the wind. The view in this direction is bounded by the first range of Montauk, the Nommonock Hills. South of us, at the distance of about half a mile, lie the restless waters of the ocean, seen only at intervals between the high banks with which the beach is bordered. Between us and the sea, and stretching also a long way to the southwest, the view is like that on the east except that the surface is somewhat more uneven. This dreary reach of barren sand, which joins the "Hilly Land" of Montauk to the main body of the island, is still known by no other than the Indian name—*Neapeague*.\* As seen from the spot at which we imagine ourselves approaching it, or still more favorably from the hills of the Hither Wood and of Nommonock along its eastern border, its very aspect conveys at once to the mind an idea of its origin and formation. It is almost impossible to resist the impression that the extended plain beneath us, reaching from the ocean on the south to the equally open waters of Gardiner's Bay on the north, and bordered east and west by hills which rise abruptly from its edge, was once filled with water—that in fact

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\* *Nap-péeg*.

Montauk was formerly an island, while between it and Seawanhackee the sea rolled clear and unbroken through a strait five miles in width. And the more carefully we examine the history and structure of this singular region, the more do we find to convince us that this opinion is the true one.

The Indian name Neapeague signifies the Water Land. To be sure we cannot attach much importance to this alone, but taken in connection with other facts, it seems to show that their traditions, if we could ascertain them, would support us in this belief.

Another fact worthy of mention is, that the form and extent of the Beach (in which term is included the whole space of Neapeague) has changed very much within the memory of man—the land encroaching continually upon the sea. On the first rising ground to the east, the commencement of the hills of Montauk, stands a house which was built a little more than fifty years since. When it was built, the line of the breakers along the shore of Neapeague ranged directly toward it, so that the foxes which then, as now, were in the habit of passing along the edge of the surf to pick up whatever the waves might throw on shore, could be seen as far as the eye could reach. Now, the land has so far formed southward, that the breakers are not visible from the house, being hid by the sand-hills which have accumulated, and the road across Neapeague undoubtedly passes over what was even then covered by the sea. The house stands now between twenty and thirty rods from the shore. If the



beach has increased in width thus much within fifty years, it is not difficult to understand what the same causes, operating for a longer time previous, may have accomplished.

Another reason for supposing that Neapeague is merely an inlet whose waters have been stopped by sand is, that such occurrences are by no means rare. There are many instances along our own coast, and the appearances which they present are very similar to those in the case under consideration.

In addition to this, we have the widely different structure of Long Island and Montauk. So different indeed are they, that we can scarcely believe they were originally parts of the same formation, and it seems even strange, that islands situated so close together as they must of course have been, should be so entirely dissimilar. The general surface of Long Island, and its geological character, are well known, and it is not necessary here to allude to them; the appearance of Montauk will be presently described. It is sufficient for our present purpose to observe, that on no part of our coast probably can we find, within the space of five miles, such a total dissimilarity as exists between the regions east and west of Neapeague.

The last fact which I shall mention is one which of itself seems to settle the oceanic and recent origin of this sandy plain; it is the occurrence of marine remains at a great distance from the shore, and in such preservation as to show that the change which turned their old ocean bed to its present arid state, must have been among the more recent geolog-

ical phenomena. I will not speak of the lighter objects, as shells, &c., which are easily transported and which of course are sometimes, even now, washed far beyond their ordinary limits by the sea, as in storms it rolls nearly across the whole width of the beach. Other objects exist of much greater weight, which nothing could have placed in the spots where we find them, except the deep and rolling water of the open sea. A few years since the entire skeleton of a whale might be seen imbedded in the earth, more than half a mile from the present margin of the beach, and close to the border of the upland. The bones were not scattered as though they had been dragged to their situation after the removal of the flesh, but lay nearly in their relative positions, showing plainly that the body had been hove up by the surf, and being covered with the sand, the gradual process of decay had left the bones to bleach where they lay. They were very near the surface, some of them in fact being partially exposed above it, and were of course within reach of the action of the air. But in place of being decayed, they exhibited very nearly the appearance of recent bones. This is not mentioned as an isolated fact; others might be stated of similar character, though none in which the remains were like these in magnitude. But the detail is unnecessary; the fact seems unquestionable that a large part of Neapeague was formed by the action of the water. And if a part, it is difficult to understand why not the whole, for we find no place in which the line of separation can be drawn.

A few words of description now, may not be inappropriate.

Neapeague is about six miles in length and three in width. Its general surface is but little elevated above the ocean, though along the side nearest the sea, sand-hills have been raised by the wind to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, so that in traveling across the beach the ocean is almost entirely hid from the view. Between these hills and through them the surf breaks so heavily in storms as sometimes to mingle its waters with those of the bay along the northern shore. In the well known *September gale*, channels were cut in this way from the ocean to the bay, so deep that a horse could scarcely cross them without swimming. These however were soon filled again with sand and all traces of them obliterated. But few trees are found on Neapeague, and those which occur are mostly on the western part and are of small size. In the same part we find numerous beach plum bushes, the *Prunus littoralis*, whose fruit is much valued and furnishes no small profit to a part of the population of Amagansett and Acabonick. Another plant which even now is of much importance, and which might easily be increased by cultivation to almost any extent, is the Cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) which spreads over a large portion of Neapeague, and whose delicate vines, twining among the grass or creeping over the sand, present at all times a most beautiful appearance, whether decked with their flowers of singular shape, or covered with the elegantly colored fruit. Growing in company with this, though more abundant on the drier parts of the beach, are vast quantities of *Arbatus uva-ursi*—known very generally in the vicinity as

Deer Feed. The origin of this appellation we are obliged to leave to conjecture, as there appears no evidence that the Deer ever use it as food. The plant, however, is quite common, and on Neapeague particularly so, completely covering the ground in some parts, and presenting during autumn a very pleasant contrast between the dark green of the leaves and the rich color of the fruit. The northern part of the beach is penetrated by an arm of the sea, called Neapeague harbor which is too shallow to allow of any vessels but those of small draught entering it.

The only access to Montauk is by the way of Neapeague, and the ride across it is always tedious in the extreme. The depth of the sand renders the progress necessarily slow, and an hour to an hour and a half after you leave the upland, finds you still dragging wearily along the beach. Nothing breaks the monotony of the scene, but the loud whistle of the Tell-tale or the harsh scream of the Tern, and almost without cessation your attention is claimed by a sad annoyance, common to all similar localities on our coast. It seems the very father-land of the insatiate musquito, and unless a favoring wind has swept them away, as is sometimes the case, they literally fill the atmosphere. One consolation, however, you may always have, when they are pouring in at the sides, and when the back of your friend's coat, as he sits in front of you, is not visible, you are very soon to leave them. As you approach the end of the beach, their numbers diminish, and before you have ridden a quarter of a mile upon Montauk they have left you entirely. The suddenness of

the change is always striking. They leave your carriage as though swept out by some invisible hand, and even those which have clung to objects within, speedily disappear.

Rising from Neapeague, we enter upon a district at once strange and beautiful. On the left, stretching to the northwest, are the Nommonock Hills, which form the eastern border of the beach, and east of them, rising higher still are the hills of the Hither Wood. Over these latter the road passes. Before we enter the woods, which cover their highest part, we will pause a moment, for such a scene, we may say without fear of contradiction, can no where else be found. West of us lies the dreary waste of Neapeague, stretching in its loneliness to the distant woods and rising ground of Amagansett. Its surface seems an unbroken level, and the question of its oceanic origin is settled without a word. The little harbor, imbosomed in its northern half, seems (so narrow is its outlet) like a beautiful lake at our feet. The sandy shore sweeps out in a graceful curve, while a little more distant the lovely Manchonock, (Monshon-go-nock) rests on the quiet surface of the bay. The greater part of the space on the north is covered by the Hither Woods, buried among which we can just distinguish the fair Quannontowunk, the first of the large freshwater ponds, which form such a striking feature of the peninsula. Northeast and east, the woods shut out the view. Southeast, we have a very fair representation of the *hills of Montauk*. Of these hills it is almost impossible to convey a correct idea. Rounded and rolling, but in many

cases quite steep and abrupt ; not arranged in ridges, but scattered apparently at random ; with no level land among them, but deep cup-shaped hollows seeming like reversed copies of the hills themselves ; bare of trees and covered only with a smooth turf, as close as though it had been shorn, their appearance is *sui generis*. We cannot place ourselves on any part of the extent which bears the name Montauk, without fully understanding the propriety of the name. It is in truth a "Hilly Land." From Nommonock to Wamponomon the rolling surface is unbroken, except by the ponds and one or two small spaces which are by courtesy called plains. The highest of these hills, in the western part of the peninsula, are those on which we are standing. With one glance toward the south, where the unbroken expanse of ocean fills the view, we pass onward through the Hither Wood. The dead trunks of aged trees, some standing and some prostrate, the tokens of its former pride, give evidence that its extent was once much greater than it is now. A ride of two miles brings us again among the open hills, and along them our road winds most beautifully, now over a summit, and again down till our view on every side extends but three or four rods at most, and then along the hill-side where it seems unsafe for any but a pedestrian to venture. Rounding some low eminence, below us lies one of the thousand little ponds which dot the surface of Montauk. Its calm waters, covered with the shining leaves and brilliant flowers of the *Nymphaea*, or filled with the slender and delicate *Decodon*, are perhaps disturbed by the rushing spring of the

Teal or the Black Duck startled at our approach ; and later in the season, that sound so sweet to a sportman's ear, the loud *honk* of the wild goose, as he starts to his heavy flight, denotes how seldom man disturbs these solitudes. A short distance further, and we see the lovely Kongonock. Once on its bosom floated a hundred light canoes, upon its eastern border stood the main fortress of the tribe, and near at hand their largest village. Now all of these are gone, but in its name, Fort Pond, we trace a token of its former glory. It is a beautiful sheet of water, stretching almost across the island, the hills rising high and steep toward the northern end, while around its southern portion is one of those small tracts of level land to which allusion has been already made. This is commonly known as Fithian's Plain. On it stands the second of the four houses which are found on Montauk. The third house is about four miles further east, the fourth is at the Point. The land, between Fort Pond and the sea, is so low that in storms the surf sweeps across it with some violence. To prevent this a low embankment has been constructed. The water of the pond is entirely fresh and abounds with White Perch, (*Labrax rafus*.) On the east side of the pond, about midway from north to south, rises, very steep and abruptly from the water's edge, a rounded hill, higher than any other near it. On this hill was the great fort of the Montauks, and from it could be seen the beacon-light on Wamponomon. Commencing near its southern base, a deep valley stretches eastward, seeming almost like a ravine. In this valley was the royal village of Wy-

dannee, which was nearly destroyed on the night of the fierce attack of Ninnigret or Janemo, when the power of the tribe was broken, the daughter of the old chief carried away captive, and her husband slain. The scene of the first tale of the poem lies here and on the neighboring hills, until the tide of battle sweeps it westward. Shagwannock, (Shag-wom-mon-uck) on which the signal-fires were kindled, is four miles east, beyond the Great Pond. Culloden is north of the valley, bordering the bay and was quite noted a few years since as the place of capture of the negroes of the Amistad. There can be no question that two hundred years ago, in the days of the Eagle of the Montauks, a mighty people centred here, and here were gathered the flower and strength of their nation. The tribes through the whole length of Seawanhackee paid their tribute here. The brave, the just, the good Wyandannee, the lover of peace, the friend of the white man, ruled a happy race. But now, alas! we loiter in their lovely vallies, and the only sound we hear is the distant murmur of the sea. The frail structure of the wigwam has not more completely perished than the national existence of the Montauks. Where thousands lived and roamed in happiness over all these hills, now the most perfect and utter loneliness exists. At the death of Wyandannee the glory of their tribe departed. Weoncombone was far from maintaining the high renown his father had acquired, and since his day, a slow, but sure and mournful degradation, has been their constant lot. By degrees they parted with their land till not a single acre of their free inheritance



can now be called their own. There are two tracts to which they still lay claim, and for which a yearly rent is paid them, but the title is in other hands and the rent is a sum nearly nominal. Each one of these tracts is known as the Indian Field, though that name is more commonly applied to the eastern one. The western division contains the site of Wyandannee's village, and is separated from the portion south of it, which is common to all the proprietors of Montauk, by a heavy stone wall. This wall was built by the white men at the time they bought the land, and it is a part of their contract with the Indians that it shall be maintained. It extends from Kongonock to the Great Pond, nearly east, between two and three miles. As we pass along this wall and cross the high ground southeast of Culloden, we see, at the distance of about two miles, the highest land upon Montauk, the Shagwanoek Hills. They are in the eastern division of the Indian Field. Between them and our station lies the largest collection of fresh water to be found on Long Island; it is the Great Pond. What name it bore among the Indians is perhaps now unknown. It is nearly three miles in length, and in its northern half, about a mile in width. Many years ago it was connected with the sea, on the north, by an inlet, but that has long been closed and the water is now perfectly fresh. While the inlet was open, fish of various kinds of course frequented it, and when by a storm the communication was cut off, a few of the striped Bass remained enclosed, some of them still survive and have grown to a

great size. A year or two since one drifted ashore dead, which weighed about forty pounds.

From the south end of the pond to the light-house is about four miles, with scenery very similar to that which we have already passed. The Point, on which the light-house stands, was called by the Indians, Wampónomon, and is the only part to which on most maps the name Montauk is given. It rises nearly a hundred feet above the sea, and is crowned by the tall white column of the light-house, itself a hundred feet in height. The light is one of the most important on our coast ; it is kept in admirable order, and from its great elevation it sends its friendly warning far out upon the sea. Were it not for the difficulty of access, Montauk would no doubt become a place of fashionable resort, for its facilities for surf bathing are unrivaled ; but so long as a tedious ride of eighteen to twenty-five miles, across Neapeague and its own rough surface, lies between it and the nearest villages, it must remain what it is now, one of the most perfectly wild and lonely, and at the same time one of the most perfectly delightful places for a summer sojourn, that our coast can furnish. Its great and peculiar charm is the sense of entire freedom which it inspires—freedom from the conventional restraints of society—freedom from human observation—and as the almost inevitable result of it—freedom from care. On the beach or on the hills you feel that you are alone. There is nothing to recall the busy and anxious scenes of life, and even the grave and sedate man is apt to feel and act like a boy just loosed from school, and to betake himself

to skipping stones on the smooth water, or making ineffectual shots with the same missiles at the nimble footed Sanderlings as they dodge in and out along the edge of the breakers. Whatever the method you take to amuse yourself, you are sure to return at the appointed hour, for such a thing as a poor appetite is unknown on Montauk, and you seat yourself at the table, fully prepared to do justice to the abundant cheer provided.

In a place so retired as this, the amusements common in crowded places of resort, of course cannot exist. But sadly deficient in his own resources must a man be, who finds himself at a loss in what manner to occupy his time, or who cannot pass at least a few days here most pleasantly.

From its loneliness, the great extent which is uninhabited, its insular position, and its numerous ponds, Montauk is the resort of great numbers of water birds at the different seasons when their migrations bring them to our shores. During the heat of summer but few are there. One or two straggling pairs of black ducks build their nests among the marshes of Reed Pond, but almost all have passed far on to their breeding places in the North. With the waning summer come the slender-billed waders in throngs. The Sandpipers and Tattlers, the Turnstones, Plover, Godwits and Curlews are speedily followed by the Teal and other early arriving ducks, but it is not until near the end of October that the list is made complete by the coming of the geese. The chief place of resort for these is the Great Pond, which is very commonly called Goose Pond, and a sportsman coming

in sight of it for the first time, and seeing the geese covering acres of its surface, and listening to the uninterrupted music of their *honking*, or the loud roar of their wings as the whole throng starts to flight at once, is very apt to think that they cannot all escape him. But when he has started at the early dawn, and has lain shivering behind the Stone Wall or on Reed Pond beach, and seen ten thousand geese pass into the pond, but not one within his reach, and then when at night he has seen them all pass out, going precisely where he did not expect them, and has wended his way back in the darkness, cold and hungry, and found that the remainder of the company have come in from their several stations with the same tale, he will begin to think that shooting a goose on Montauk is not so easy as he at first supposed. And the next day's experience will fully confirm him in the belief.

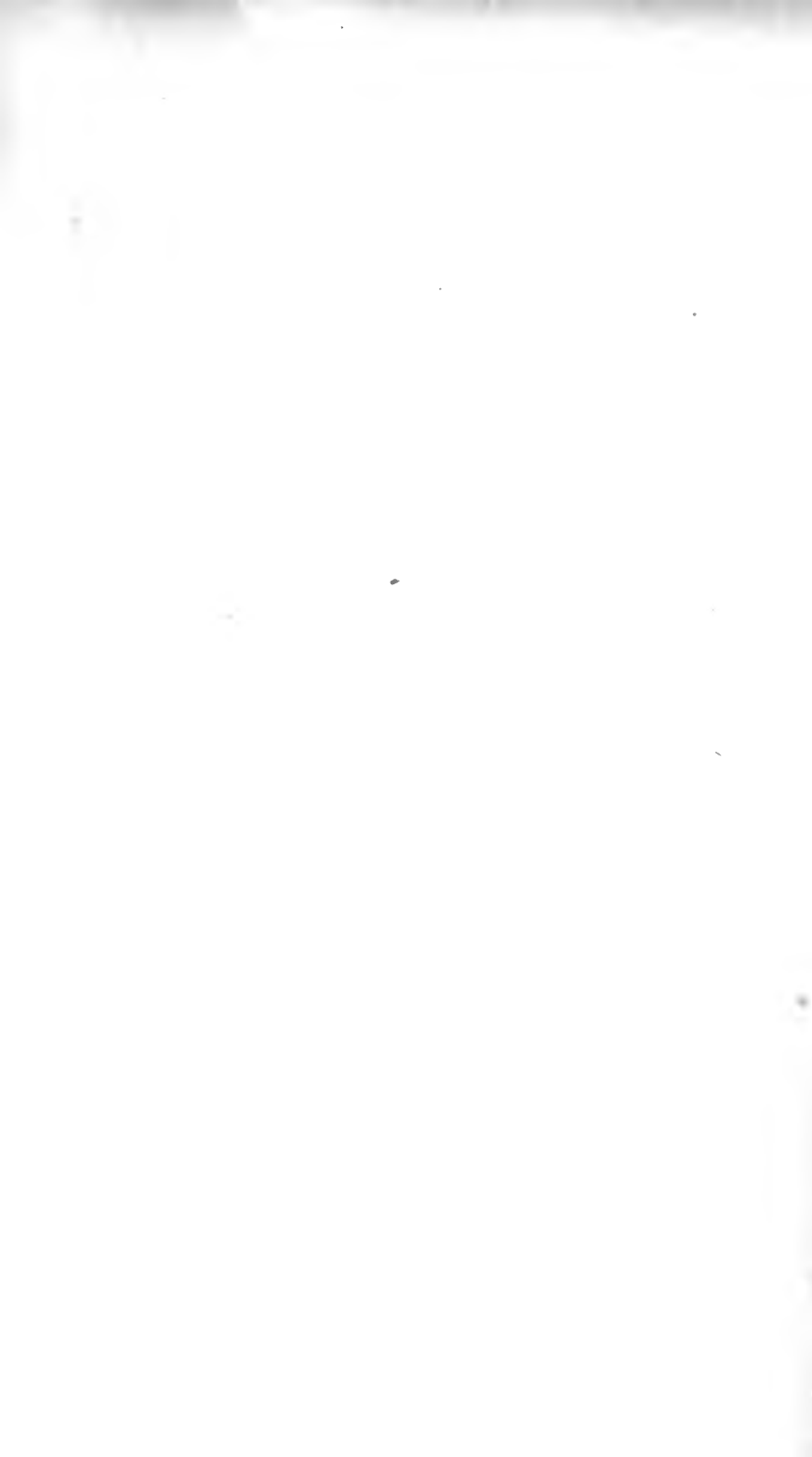
In closing this account of Montauk, a few words as to its present condition, may not be unadvisable. It is owned by an incorporated company, and is used simply as a pasture field, each proprietor being entitled to the pasturage of a certain number of cattle for every share of the stock he possesses. The cattle graze in common, and as they have no protection from the inclemency of the weather, are all driven off on the approach of winter. The business of the men who inhabit the three houses—not including the one at the Point—is to take care of these cattle, though not much care is required, as there are no fences or cultivated grounds on which they can trespass.

Of the Indians the race is almost extinct. Five or six

families still remain, but they are fast decreasing and very probably the present generation is the last.

The limits of Montauk were once, perhaps, somewhat greater than they are at present. On the north side near the Great Pond are the remains of a pine forest which stood on ground now covered by the sea. The roots remain buried in the sand and are visible only on the receding of the tide. In other parts also we find tokens of the encroachments of the sea, and it is not at all impossible that the point once extended much further east than now, perhaps even as far as to Block Island, for the geological character of the two is very similar and very peculiar.











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